John Bull, September 17, 1921. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXX. No. 798. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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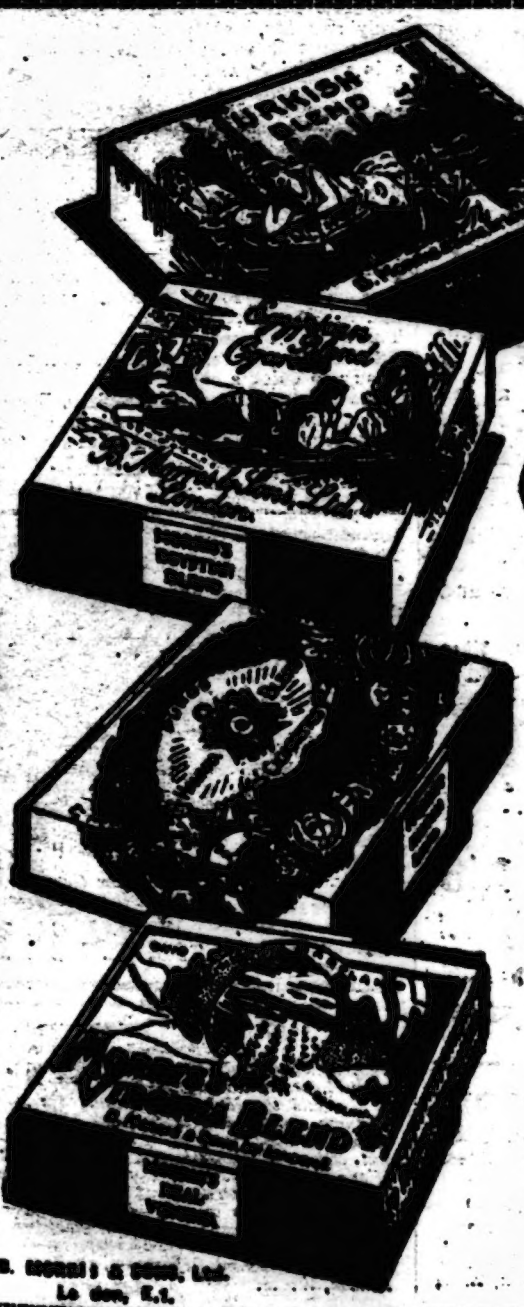

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To critical smokers our famous *"Blends"* are a never-failing source of pleasure and satisfaction. There is fragrant purity and sweet coolness in each one. You should try them, for either one *"Blend"* or the other will please your individual taste.

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contain *two* of each of five different "BLENDS." These 6d. packets enable you to try each "Blend" to see which appeals to you most.

6d. per packet of 10

of tobacconists everywhere.

WILLS'S CELEBRATED "Gold Flake" CIGARETTES

10 FOR 6d.
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Registered Trade Mark.

STARTLING REGAL OFFER

WORLD'S BEST COATS

25/- Carriage Paid

WILL KEEP YOU DRY

IN THE FIERCEST WEATHER.

EVERY 100th COAT FREE.

The "RAINSTER" Weatherproof is made in a variety of STYLES and Shades for Ladies', Gent's and Children's wear, from Triple-Proofed Materials which will withstand the fiercest weather and hardest wear, as over 500,000 satisfied wearers can tell you, and cannot be equalled elsewhere at double the price.

"REGAL" Under-cost BARGAIN OFFER.

For a further limited period only, to give every Lady or Gent. in the land an opportunity of securing one of these world-famous Coats at 25/- Carriage paid.

So don't delay, send in your order now. The demand is simply enormous.

SEND NO MONEY. Simply write for FREE PATTERNS, STYLES, &c. Convince yourself that NO FIRM can possibly give BETTER QUALITY, BETTER STYLES, or BETTER VALUE.

YOU MAY GET YOUR COAT FREE If in ROTATION your letter happens to carry the 100th Order, in which case we refund to you the full Purchase Price.

Money back if not Satisfied.

ORDER WITHOUT DELAY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

REGAL MILLS LTD. (DEPT. J.) BLACKPOOL.

The largest firm in the Kingdom Manufacturing and Supplying DIRECT TO THE PUBLIC.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

goes like fresh cream with stewed or tinned fruits, and it is only one-eighth the cost.

Whether the weather be broiling not or pleasantly fresh, no one fails to welcome a delicious dish of Bird's Custard and fruit. Any kind of stewed fruit in season or pineapple chunks, tinned peaches or apricots, is always appetising and enjoyable.

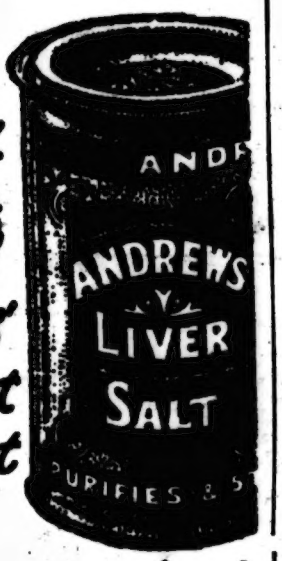
If it be broiling hot, then is the time to cut down meat, potatoes, etc., and eat more Bird's Custard and Fruit.

Bird's Custard with stewed or tinned fruits keeps the system healthy and energetic, yet sufficiently well-nourished.

Always insist upon Bird's, because it is the "only Custard that tastes as good as it looks."

C96

—in family use, the cost of Andrews works out at about one halfpenny a day!



Good Health costs so very little, but means so very much. Thousands of happy families maintain it at an average *daily cost of one halfpenny!*

The large size Andrews' (guaranteed contents 8oz. net.) lasts the average family *beyond a month.* For eighteenpence you banish, almost as quickly as they arise, the minor Ills which assail in turn Mother, Father and the Children.

Andrews' use is pleasant and convenient. When the normal tone of cheery Health is lacking—

(12a) *take, or give, a teaspoonful in an early-morning glass of water for 2 or 3 days running—just until normality is restored. Be sure to get the genuine Andrews' though.... in the familiar green Tin.*

10½d. USUAL (4-oz.) SIZE, FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE 1/6

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to

SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA Friendly Society. Est. 1843.

Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders.
Claims Paid £16,000,000
Invested Funds... £9,000,000
Annual Income... £2,500,000
All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary
Chief Office: 57, St. Andrew St., London, E.C.4

Ringworm— Itching Rashes.

Soothed and Healed at a Touch by Germolene.

AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS.

"The nurse was amazed!" That is an extract from the letter of a grateful mother, whose two little children were completely cured of ringworm within the space of a week by Germolene, the new Aseptic Skin Dressing. To those who use this remarkable ointment for the first time its influence is truly amazing, but there are thousands who know that it will positively cure children's skin complaints, and that it soothes at a touch. Since Germolene was awarded Gold Medals at four great International Pharmaceutical Exhibitions, it has without a doubt superseded all the old lotions, salves, and ointments.

The two little children, Marjorie, aged five, and Charles, aged ten, of Mrs. K. Taylor, 89, Diamond-road, Slough, Bucks, contracted ringworm and to the great distress of the mother the trouble persisted, notwithstanding the use of iodine and other medicaments which were recommended. Then Germolene was applied, and within a week the disease was conquered. The nurse was amazed, and said it was the first time in all her experience that she had known so quick a cure.

Use Germolene for all skin troubles. Especially recommended for Piles, Eczema, Bad legs, etc. Germolene costs 1s. 3d. and 3s. at all chemists, and is made in the same splendid laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets.—[ADVT.]

THE 'GRE-SOLVENT' way of cleaning fireirons is the easiest and most thorough. Just a little "Gre-Solvent" and NO TROUBLE is the 'Gre-Solvent' way

'GRE-SOLVENT' REALLY CLEANS all dirty, greasy pots, pots, linoleum, wood-work, paths, etc., and it keeps the hands white, soft, and smooth.

GET A TIN TO-DAY. Perkin & Co., Ltd., Junction Works, Leeds.

From Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

IN TINS, 4½d. 8d. 1/9

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 798. Week ending Saturday, September 17th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Unemployment Problem.

This is, beyond all question, *the* question of the day; and if, instead of further conferences on Silesia and the so-called Reparations, Ministers would apply their minds to it, they would be doing omething to "earn their co:n." Let the new cry be—"They *must* have wo:k."

Ireland.

Still the weary talk goes on—with never a divil of a bit of progress. Of course, De Valera has all the best of it when it comes to the question of the principle of Self-Determination and all the rest—the Act of Union having notoriously been one of the greatest frauds in history.

India.

Here, too, things are no better—the difference being that, instead of two distinct nationalities. we have a hundred to deal with, and plenty of people at home prepared to adopt old John Bright's di tum of "Perish India." Poor Lord R ading! "F. E." knew something when he declined the Viceroyalty.

Census Lessons.

Six nations have now taken their Census—France, Britain, Sweden, the United States, Switzerland and Japan—and France is the only one whose popula ion shows a decrease, even after allowing for the accession of Alsace! Think tha over. Japan has jumped from 53 to 60 millions, and America from 92 to nearly 108 millions. Think that ove , too. Little Britain—we should say, Great Britain—puts on th ee millions.

The Washington Conference.

And these are the kind of facts which the Washington Conference will have to consider. They point, in our view, o the importance of maintaining the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and o upporting France—al hough, of course, an Anglo-Saxon Union *could* save he world.

The Right of Free Speech.

By degrees the right of free speech, hrough the medium of public meetings, is being filched away by the extremists; and we hall no be at all surprised if the next General Election is decided by the pen more than by the tongue.

The Gallant Hun.

We should like to know whom Sir Graham Bower (formerly Governor of Mauritius) represents at the Congress of the International Law Association at the Hague; and in whose name he showered fulsome compliments upon "heroes of the stamp of Count von Spee and his valiant comrades." Can any reader enlighten us?

France's Way.

So France, after all, has washed her hands of the latest nonsense about the German war criminals, and proposes to try them herself. Very "unkind" of her!

So Sudden!

"When is Mr. Bottomley going to join the Government?" asks the *Sunday Mercury*. We must have notice of that question—and a good long notice, too.

"A Peace of Treason."

How do you like that phrase as describing the nature of the Peace made with the Huns? You will find it any day in the French Press. And, personally, we entirely agree with it. Germany has really won the war.

AGAIN!
ONE-WEEK
£1,000
FOR ONLY TEN
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover

Barnardo's Boys.

Is it the fact that only the lads who pass a stiff medical examination are accepted by the Canadian and Australian Emigration authorities—with the result that only the delicate and infirm are left at home?

A Wonderful Nation.

There is much philosophy in the remark of the *Birmingham Gazette and Express* that, although "Deans and Bishops and Mr. Bottomley may be engaged in theological rivalry," the real business of the day is—football! Who says Britain is beaten?

The Lewisham Election.

As we have already announced, the Independent Parliamentary Group is holding aloof from this contest, preferring to keep its powder dry for a probable early General Election in the event of a final breakdown in the Irish negotiations—a situation which would give the Prime Minister a fine excuse for a "mandate," and another lease of power.

"Hear, Hear and Applause."

"As an officer of the Naval Reserve of five years' service, I think it a damned shame that this country should be touted to assist Russia or any other nation before our own ex-Service men. Does the Prime Minister ever read the daily papers, with heartrending accounts of starvation and suffering at home?" Our friend must have been reading our speech in the House.

America.

Those letters written to Mr. Wilson by Mr. Page when Ambassador here are not nice reading. We fear that Anglo-Saxon Alliance is a long way off and that we must stick to Japan.

Greece and Turkey.

Despite the fact of having been "surrounded" and in "great peril," Greece continues her victorious career against the Unspeakable Turk, whose infamies and outrages the Allies tolerate with equanimity. Tino is certainly "making good."

The Ex-Speaker's Reminiscences.

Som thing of a sensation has been created in political and journalistic circles by the news—hitherto kept as a strict secret—that ex-Speaker Lowther is writing hi recollections of his sixteen years in the Chair o the House of Commons, for the *Sunday Illustrated*. Other "scoops" to follow.

Betting Figures.

These are very much like "Drink Statistics." We notice that, according to New Zealand returns, nearly two and a half millions of money went through the Totalisator. But most of it was like a stage army. If you have five pounds on each race and end up "quits," you have "circulated" £30 on the six events!

Poor Poland!

The *Star* tells a good story illustrating "the ignorance of the Poles regarding Britain." A Secret Service Agent, questioned about the political situation in England, knew practically nothing about Lloyd George or Lord Curzon, "whose opinions counted for nothing besides those of Horatio Bottomley." *What* an ignorant ass!

Two G.P.O Items.

Shoals of circulars are being taken from England to be posted, with 10 centime stamps, in Antwerp—thus defeating the recent increase in the British rate; and there are certain postal-boxes in the provinces into which a person may put his hand and take out the letters. We hope Mr. Kellaway is enjoying his holiday.

Recalcitrant Boroughs.

The action of Poplar in refusing to levy the County Council Rate upon it inhabitants—having its hands ull with it own unemployed—is the most vigorou protest there has o far been against official squandermania. t is crude in character, bu will undoubtedly be effective in its result. Generous Relief and Productive Work for th unemployed is the d[illegible] of every Borough Council.

Pedestrians and Pebbles.

The pilgrims of old did penance by walking barefooted on dried peas, and maybe it is to remind the public of that fact that the paths adjacent to and in Regent's Park and Kew Gardens are strewn with pebbles, instead of consisting of finely-tarred surfaces. If the officials responsible were deliberately bent upon making things uncomfortable for pedestrians, they could not have hit upon a surer method. The meanest little parish council in the Kingdom would blush to have the paths in its park in such a state.

Unequal Law.

While the maximum fine allowed by law for the offence of driving a motor vehicle without lights is £100, that for being drunk while in charge of such a vehicle is £2 only. This curious inequality was adversely commented on by the Chairman of Hampshire Quarter Sessions when imposing a penalty of 40s., with costs, on one Charles Marshall; but, the man appears to have been charged with, and convicted, of both these offences, it is even more curious that he was penalised only in respect of the more dangerous, though less expensive, one!

Banks and Backers.

In view of the wave of ruffianism that has disgraced recent race-meetings—during which, in some instances, fortunate backers, having drawn their winnings, have gone in actual fear of their lives—the need for some sort of protection for racegoers takes on an urgent aspect. A well-guarded safe deposit, easily accessible from the different enclosures, where the lucky could place their gains for security against marauders, might conceivably be provided at each race-course. We offer the suggestion for what it is worth, although convinced that it is practicable.

A Case of Suspicion.

We are none too favourably impressed by the sentences of twelve months' and three months' respectively passed on the two men Barnard and Churchward, charged with being suspected persons loitering at the Zoo. They stated they went there to sell unemployment pamphlets. Barnard's wife assures us that he had as a matter of fact taken about a shilling in this way, and had trudged all over Kent trying to keep his head above water by such means after fruitless efforts to obtain employment. The public must, of course, be protected, but this is no time for manufacturing hardened criminals by undue severity in cases of mere suspicion.

Nosey Parkers.

Our recent article on "Nosey Parkers" has brought us many congratulatory letters. From these it is not difficult to gather that the working classes are fed up with official Paul Prys. Imagine a young woman no more than twenty being deputed to call upon a mother whose baby died at birth, and asking her how she was feeding it. Yet that is one experience among many to hand. The School Attendance Officer, too, we find, is far from being a *persona grata*. "No matter how ill you are or the children may be, or if they have not a boot to their feet, they must go to school, or you have an officious person talking to you without respect or reason," writes one poor mother. The worm is beginning to turn.

Economy in Words.

After waiting nearly six months for his first unemployment card, a reader received the following illuminating message, scribbled in pencil on a half-sheet of notepaper: "This card was sent to us without any address, so we had to hold it until you sent for it." Evidently the clerks of this Exchange, having adopted the principle of "What we have we'll hold," are not ashamed to own it.

Cure or Coffin.

The many ramifications of Christian Science are beyond us, but we are interested by a candid advertisement in a recent issue of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, which states that a "Christian Methodist, Sick Visitor, Funeral Singer, will recommend Undertaker and Supply Stretcher, for Commission; confidential." His seems to be an all-embracing sort of job. If his prayers don't cure you, he'll at least see you have a top-hole funeral. All he needs now is an agency for heavenly harps.

A Two-Job Man.

A schoolmaster in receipt of a good salary in addition manages a local Labour Exchange, receiving £280 per annum—which is more than his pay as schoolmaster. It would appear that he works the oracle by paying a girl of 17 ten shillings a week to officiate while he is engaged in teaching. It is a scandalous shame, and a most flagrant instance of injustice to ex-Service men, to hundreds of whom £280 per annum would be a godsend.

Heavy!

No doubt it is as much in the interest of the unemployed themselves as of public policy for the Ministry of Labour to take action against men who draw the doles on false representations while they are in work, but there ought to be a measure of uniformity in the punishment. The Cardiff Magistrates have fined an employed man named Hughes £25, or three months in gaol, for obtaining benefit to the amount of 3s. 4d.—obviously an excessive penalty. They would probably let a man hit his wife on the head with a poker, or throw his mother-in-law out of the window, for 20s. and costs.

Too Old at 40.

"After serving my country from September, 1914, until July, 1920, actively in the field, I find I have committed the unpardonable crime of having lived to be over 40 years." So says an Earlsfield man, who finds that his age excludes him from employment as a parks keeper under the London County Council. He maintains that he ought to be his best at 40, and that most people are; "but now the war is over, there is only one place for us—the scrap heap." That bitter thought is not difficult to understand, but while there's life there's hope.

Only a Clerk.

Whatever calling sinks or swims financially, the poor commercial clerk invariably seems to be regarded as a fit subject for exploitation. Hence it is we find a firm advertising in a daily under a Box No.— possibly fearing a rush, or more possibly still from motives of shame—for an "able typist, trustworthy, married preferred, 50s.-60s. per week." If they are after an ex-Service man, they should not have much difficulty in convincing applicants that the pen is more "mitey" than the sword.

Out-of-Pocket Heroism.

Thomas Tumulty, of Seaham Harbour, proceeding home one night recently, heard that a woman was struggling in the water. Without hesitation he plunged in fully dressed, and rescued her, though she subsequently died from shock and immersion. But Tumulty's brave deed resulted in a lost cap, a ruined suit, and a bill for £2 for repairs to his watch. At the inquest he was presented with 2s. 6d.—not as a reward for gallantry, or compensation for loss, but the fee for the inquest!

Ladies First.

Within the last year a Civil Service competitive examination has been held for the purpose of awarding a certain number of permanent posts to temporarily-employed people. As a consequence many unsuccessful candidates, ex-soldiers among them, are under notice to leave. There are, however, unsuccessful candidates not under notice to leave—these being women with every prospect of temporary employment for unnumbered moons. Ladies first should be the rule when the sinking ship has to be abandoned.

"Economy Without Exception."

"If you see it in JOHN BULL, it *is* so!" is a claim which hard facts have borne out. But in the *Labour Gazette* of the Board of Trade, the "average" increased cost of living is put at 130 per cent. above pre-war level. It is grossly under-stated if the ordinary articles of public necessity only are taken. And to use this manipulated figure to reduce the bottom rate of departmental salaries in the name of "economy," instead of wiping out a few useless "thousand-pounders," is sheer robbery combined with priceless impudence.

Telephone Twisters.

It is hardly surprising that Abbey St. Bathans, being a remote spot up North, located seven miles from a railway station, telegraph office, market town and medical man, would welcome telephone communication with the outside world. To connect its sub-post-office with the telephone system would, it appears, merely necessitate shifting one mile of line—erected for military purposes and not used since 1919—at a cost of £25. And yet for this accommodation the P.O. authorities require an annual guarantee of £67. If we suspected them of possessing a sense of humour, we might venture to suggest "Avenue 67" as being the most appropriate entry in the Telephone Directory, should the deal come off.

Too Much Licence.

What with licences being indiscriminately granted to physically unfit motorists and those unable to drive, the pedestrian who can dodge death in his walks abroad nowadays requires to be pretty much of an acrobat. At Dewsbury quite recently one of the last-named variety—not inappropriately described as a butcher—ran amok the first time he went out with a motor-van, knocking down a constable, running over his leg and depriving him of three teeth. He then bowled over a tram conductor, injuring him so severely that he hasn't done a day's work since. It was only by a fluke that no one was killed, and that, perhaps, is why the tender-hearted Magistrates of Dewsbury fined him only 19s. 6d., plus costs, not even endorsing his licence. Help!

SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED readers win regularly—"Minting" knows.

The Recording Angel Writes—!

A Glasgow reader applied for a job as prison warder. In filling up a form he inadvertently put 5 ft. ½ in., instead of 5 ft. 8½ in., which is his correct height. The Secretary wrote rejecting him, "as the minimum standard is 5 ft. 8 in." The applicant immediately pointed out the error, but without avail, the Secretary replying that he had "clearly stated 5 ft. ½ in." ! And, because he has once said it, apparently nothing can alter the record in the office!

"Season Tickets, Please!"

A very excellent suggestion is made to railway companies by a Wolverhampton reader, nettled at being perpetually requested to produce his season ticket at a little station to which he has travelled for donkey's years. He suggests that they should provide a badge of good conduct to season-ticket holders who have travelled (say) 1,000 times between stations, to save wear-and-tear on pockets in expensive garments through constant demand for the production of their seasons. Even without a badge of the kind one would suppose the keeper of the gate could be trusted to know a man by his face when he had seen it a thousand times.

Dogs—

Teannie, the sagacious Ayrshire retriever who saved the life of his six-year-old mistress by leaping with her from a trap in which was a runaway pony, has been awarded a medal, and never was award more richly deserved by man or dumb hero. The incident only bears out our contention that there is more of the human in the dog than meets the eye, and that the possibility of these creatures possessing a soul is not so remote as some would have us think. We doff our hat to Teannie, whose noble deed stands out in striking contrast to those occasional acts of cowardice and inhumanity that make us blush for many who call themselves men.

And Men.

Take, for example, that callous creature at Tiverton who put a baby rabbit alive in the kennel of a bitch with a litter of pups, thinking it would be eaten. Which was the more worthy to be credited with a soul—the man, or the animal that allowed the little rabbit to suckle with her own progeny? It wants no great omniscience to answer that question in favour of the dumb brute, which, for all its animal instincts, rose far and away superior in humanity and mercy to the heartless wretch who condemned the helpless little animal, as he thought, to be savaged to death.

Stay at Home.

Let Mr. Hughes and the emigration-mongers boost Australia as they will, we must again repeat that it is still no place for the British out-o'-work. Thousands of men lack a job in Sydney alone. It is from that city that we have the tragic story of a British soldier, disabled in the war, who was tempted by the Overseas Settlement scheme to take his wife and six children to Australia. He sailed in April. He is now attracting attention to his pitiful poverty by playing a gramophone and parading his wife and family through the streets. Better be out of a job in the country you know than in a country you don't.

Home, Sweet Home!

A Portsmouth resident, hard put to make ends meet, let some rooms to a "quiet" family. Of the father he says nothing, but the mother worked overtime with a fierce voice, the baby did duets with her and solos when she rested, and the parrot dead-heated with both. A yellow pup fought its own reflection hourly in the mirror, and chewed up the furniture generally, while the darling boy ate fried fish all over the beautiful plush chairs But nobody could understand why the landlord should grumble!

Bunny Bunkum.

A reader who noticed an advertisement inviting all and sundry who keep rabbits to remit sixpence for a booklet "explaining how beautiful furs are made from the pelts of British rabbits," sent a "nimble tanner," and received in return a very ordinary trade circular from "Furs, Unlimited," Morden Grange, Mitcham, explaining that thi concern makes up rabbit skins into powder puffs and hatpins—but never a word as to how to cure rabbit-skins himself, which was what he expected. Rather than sorrow over sixpence, he is taking up fretwork. Other readers, please copy.

"Can my Landlord turn me out?"

All questions relating to the home are answered FREE by the fully qualified staff of "IDEAL HOME" experts. If you are a reader and want help or advice on any legal point or on the planning or decoration, etc., of your home, all you have to do is—write. This service will save you *pounds* every year. The September number is now on sale, price 1/-

Born Too Soon.

An ex-teacher who retired in 1908, and is consequently out of the running so far as recent benefits are concerned, in expressing his gratitude to us for our sympathy with his class, tells us he is in receipt of a pension of about a guinea a week, whereas a former pupil teacher of his who retired in 1919 received a lump sum of £233 3s. 4d. on retirement and gets a pension of £83 3s. 4d. He doesn't begrudge his former colleague his good luck, but, as he puts it, "where's the fairness?" It certainly does seem hard that he and so many more retired ex-teachers should be at this disadvantage just because they happened to be born too soon.

The Diddlum Department.

An ex-Service man who obtained a berth as Temporary Sorting Clerk in the P.O. at Manchester recently gave a week's notice. During the Coal Strike he was called up in Class B of the Reserve, and the P.O. paid him £1 17s. 5d. weekly. On going to draw his pay at the expiry of the notice he was told he was in debt £3 7s. 6d., having been paid too much, and was requested to sign the wage-sheet for 1s. 5d. "Are they entitled to stop wages like this?" he asks. Whether they are or not, they seem to do it. Any old excuse apparently is sufficient in some quarters to do a man down if he happens to be an ex-Tommy and at their mercy.

Should Have Been the "Cat."

Just because he found a kitten in the act of consuming a mackerel intended to fill his own merciless maw, a Standredge shopkeeper dashed the poor little creature against a wall and then threw it over a hoarding, breaking a leg and necessitating its being shot to end its sufferings. A dose of the cat would have done the heartless wretch a power of good; but the Scarborough Magistrates imposed a paltry fine of 10s., plus 5s. costs—which to a man in his position was no punishment at all.

Sour Grapes.

The price charged to the trade for vinegar by Messrs. Sarsons is 16s. for 12½ gallons, but an enterprising rival entered the field with what he claims to be a superior make of vinegar at 12s. 6d. Getting to hear of this, Messrs. Sarsons wrote him a letter of protest, from which the following is an extract: "Remember that we are quite strong enough to play havoc with the wood vinegar trade if we wished to do so. There is no doubt it has been through our endeavours that the price of this vinegar has remained so high as it is." So now we know why our salad costs us more.

"Stiff."

Certain newspapers in their reports of Police Court proceedings have a stereotyped habit of applying the term "stiff" when a sentence of unusual severity is passed. But when a Portsmouth evening paper uses it in describing a sentence of three months' hard given to a brute for an indecent assault upon a five-year-old little girl we question its appropriateness. Maybe the unsophisticated sub-editor of our contemporary has never heard of this kind of offence being punished in Canada with long terms of penal servitude and an occasional dose of the cat. And not one whit "stiffer" than is deserved.

Milk-o-o!

A young Scottish miner hailing from Renfrew, who tramped south to look for work and very foolishly, it turned out, selected London as his objective, signalised his arrival in the metropolis by appropriating a can containing one pint of milk. Called to account for the lapse at Marlborough Police-court, he pleaded that he took the milk because he had not tasted food for two days. That plea, however, did not cut much ice with the Cadi, who sentenced him to a month with hard labour. The product of the "coo" is evidently held to be precious at Marlborough Street, but there would appear to be a mighty poor chance of anyone appropriating the milk of human kindness in that particular quarter.

The Biggest Three.

Our "Bullets" Competition continues its record-breaking career. In a few days the autumn will be with us, bringing with it that dread event, Quarter Day. Now, if ever, it becomes important to make a profitable use of our spare time. Then why not devote some portion of it to the construction of "Bullets"? This week there are to be won the biggest three prizes ever offered in a competition of this nature—a First of £1,000, a Second of £250, and a Third of £100, as well as the very numerous other awards. Perhaps *your* bright thoughts will win you one of these substantial sums of money.

A BOOK THE POLICE SHOULD BAN.

LOATHSOME STUDY OF SEX DEPRAVITY—MISLEADING YOUTH TO UNSPEAKABLE DISASTER.

By W. CHARLES PELLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

IN a general way I have no use for a State censorship of literature. Within broad limits I am all for the freedom of the Press as applied not simply to newspapers, but to the larger realm of fiction. As long as the common restraints of decency are observed, I think the novelist should enjoy the widest liberty to portray life as he sees it and to limn upon the canvas of the printed page the whole moving drama of human passion. Nevertheless, like other civilised communities we have laws against obscenity which must be rigorously enforced. For this purpose the ordinary law is entirely sufficient if only it is administered sensibly, and without respect of persons. It is not enough to keep a sharp eye upon picture-postcard shops and to terrorise small boys who chalk ribald nonsense on blank walls. When a publisher like Mr. Martin Secker sends out a novel by Mr. D. H. Lawrence which flouts the most elementary canons of decency, the police should be equally alert. It should be remembered, moreover, that Mr. Lawrence is an old offender, and that the edition of his former book, "The Rainbow," was unceremoniously seized by the police. Undeterred by this experience, Mr. Lawrence has penned another novel, "Women in Love," which justly merits the fate of its predecessor. I do not claim to be a literary critic, but I know dirt when I smell it and here it is in heaps—festering, putrid heaps which smell to high Heaven.

An Obscene Study.

The title of the novel is misleading, probably of set purpose, for if the author had labelled his literary production more aptly it is doubtful whether Mr. Martin Secker would have taken the risk of publication. I am not going to say that the book is without merit. As a study of certain loathsome forms of mental disease it is thorough and painstaking, and I am not sure that Mr. Lawrence does not deserve some form of special recognition from the Royal College of Physicians. Most of his characters are obviously mad. They do and say the sort of things for which living people are shut up in lunatic asylums. It is not honest animalism that is portrayed. That might pass muster. What Mr. Lawrence has given us is an analytical study of sexual depravity, the more repulsive from the fact that he seems to gloat over its production and to take a positive delight in exhibiting a natural human instinct in its most odious and distorted shape. The female characters of the book are not "women in love"; they are creatures in whom the long repression of the sex instinct has produced the sort of mania that psychologists are familiar with in the pages of Freud and of such English writers as Mr. Havelock Ellis. It is ugly, repellant, vile.

The Borderland of Crime.

In real life we should not be troubled with Mr. Lawrence's characters—they would be safely under lock and key. For instance, there is the idiot who undresses and wallows in wet grass, delighting to have his back scratched with thistles and his skin lacerated with the sharp points of fir cones. Doctors have a name for this sort of thing which at the moment I do not recall. Then there is the female degenerate who half kills her lover in a fit of frenzy and as she strikes the blow feels "a delirium of pleasure" because, as she tells herself, she is "going at last to her consummation of voluptuous ecstasy." We know well enough where this sort of thing leads to in real life. Criminal lawyers know all about it. It is precisely the mania that keeps the gaols full and the hangman busy. But Mr. Lawrence is obsessed with the loathsome thing, and returns to it again and again, tries it the other way round, sets a man at a woman's throat and records his maniacal sensation of "what a perfect voluptuous fulfilment it would be to kill her." The book reeks of these Bedlam horrors. In its pages one can trace a reflection of every perverted instinct that ever vexed the mind of man or tortured the soul of woman. It is an epic of vice. The main episode of the novel deals with the relations of two men, Gerald and Birkin, and is nothing more or less than a shameful glorification of that state of mind which in practice, as every student of crime is aware, leads to conduct which is condemned by the criminal law. The chapter headed "Gladiatorial" is sheer filth from beginning to end, and I pay Mr. Lawrence the compliment of saying that no other novelist than he could have written it. This is the sort of book which in the hands of a boy in his teens might pave the way to unspeakable moral disaster.

The Police Must Act.

If "The Rainbow" was an indecent book this later production is an obscene abomination. The police must act. I have no sympathy with either the publisher or with the author, one of whom knew, and the other ought to have known, the kind of stuff he was trying to foist off on an unsuspecting public. I do not hold the "apron string" theory of youth which assumes that young people can be kept in ignorance of essential facts of life till they reach the adult stage, but I cannot sit idly by and see this neurotic production exposed for sale on the bookstalls as a "novel." It is nothing of the sort. It is a shameless study of sex depravity which in direct proportion to the skill of its literary execution becomes unmentionably vile.

BREAD AND MILK.

JUSTICE ON THE SQUINT AT BRISTOL.

According to Shakespeare, comparisons are odorous; they certainly are in the Bristol Police Court. A few evenings ago an Irishman named McKnight, out of work, starving and desperate, smashed the window of a shop in order to get at the bread behind it. He was sentenced to 14 days in gaol. On the same morning, George Evans, the proprietor of the shop whose window the famished Irishman had shattered, was summoned before the Magistrates for selling milk containing 8 per cent. of added water. Mrs. Evans pleaded that she bought the milk from a man named Henry Helps, and sold it as she received it. Helps was then charged with Evans for selling watered milk. "It is shameful," commented the Chairman, "that invalids and children should be imperilled by the sale of milk not up to the standard, people having to pay 7d. a quart for milk which is largely water." He fined Helps 20s. in each of two cases and ordered Evans to pay costs. Writing from Bedminster, a reader would like to know which is the greater crime—that of imperilling the lives of invalids and babies with watered milk, or smashing a shop window in the desperation of hunger. The answer is not far to seek, of course. If the Bristol Magistrates had done justice, the window smasher would have been leniently dealt with and the milk adulterator sent to prison. Unfortunately, magisterial justice is not infrequently asquint in Bristol.

FLOUTING THE MAJORITY.

COMIC OPERA POLL AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

In May last the Vestry at Weston-super-Mare decided by vote to raise the salary of their Assistant Overseer from £450 to £750 per annum. But the Ratepayers' Association, deeming the existing salary sufficient, clamoured for a poll of the ratepayers. This poll recently took place when there voted—for the increase 1,379, against 875, so according to that test the Ratepayers' Association is worsted and the Assistant Overseer comes out on top. But the method of polling, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, was peculiar. It was conducted under an ancient Vestry Act, whereby plural voting was openly allowed, and although 824 ratepayers voted against the increase, the resolution was actually carried by the cumulative votes of the minority. Nor was there any pretence of secrecy, the necessary papers being filled up by the officials on duty. All the voter had to do was to drop his paper into the "Aye" and "No" box, and needless to say the friends of the Assistant Overseer plumped for their pal for all they were worth. We do not wonder that the inhabitants of Weston-super-Mare are up in arms against this farcical proceeding, or that they regard it as a Comic Opera poll. Nor is it to be marvelled at that the facts have been laid before the Ministry of Health, with a view to intervention. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the cause at issue, such archaic methods are at variance with common-sense and should forthwith be abolished.

"NOT GUILTY, BUT——!"

LICENSEE MUST BE NEARLY AN ANGEL.

An application was recently made for transfer of licence of the Market Hotel, Shirebrook, Chesterfield, to a Mr. Webster. The police objected on the grounds that he was "an associate of bookmakers." Even if this were a really horrible crime, it was proved that, on the contrary, Webster had succeeded in ousting from a committee the only two bookmakers upon it. Nothing daunted, a fresh attack was made by the police—that he had been summoned for supplying whisky during prohibited hours. But the Bench had been satisfied that Webster had not supplied the drinks, and the summonses were dismissed. Mr. Marshall, Chairman of the Long Eaton Bench, then came forward and spoke in very high terms of Webster, as having one of the most difficult houses in the country to conduct, doing so without a single complaint ever being made against him. One would imagine that, having failed to sustain two definite objections, and in view of the voluntary testimony of a Chairman of Magistrates, Webster might have been accepted as a reasonably satisfactory individual. But Mr. Markham, the Chairman of the Chesterfield Bench, apparently stipulating stained glass angels for such elevated stations, caustically remarked that Webster came there "with not a very good character," and in granting the transfer issued dire warnings as to what would happen if he did the things he didn't do in the past! It seems a very ungracious way of dealing with a respectable citizen.

Sunday Chat with Bottomley in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

A BOORISH CORONER.

PRUSSIAN METHODS AT INQUEST.

"In the presence of Giant Death, only the dwarfs cast a shadow." That thousand-year-old proverb of the East was proved an eternal truth by the remarks and attitude of the egotistic individual who presided as Coroner at an inquest held recently in Lancaster, when the sad story of a young girl, found drowned was unfolded. Doris Hartley, aged 16, was a shop assistant at the Primrose Branch of the Lancaster and District Co-operative Society. For three years she had carried out her duties efficiently, and no instance appears on the records of irregularity on her part. She seems to have been a bright and willing lass, seeking whatever fun and pleasure life had to offer a girl of her position. Her father, between whom and the dead girl was a close attachment, giving his evidence, was clearly in a state of mind anything but normal, filled with grief at his loss, and harbouring a natural feeling against whomever was answerable for the girl's tragic end.

TRAGEDY BREWING.

She had been on a week's holiday, had returned happy, he meeting her at the station on the Sunday night, the last time he was to see her alive. He attributed the girl's death to an interview with the Manager, and felt that there lay the explanation for an otherwise mysterious act. The Coroner here intervened, and in a manner as brusque as his words were coarse, said, "It is no use talking like that, because it does not go down with me at all!" After this cruel and undignified outburst, the hectoring official proceeded to put a number of questions designed to show that the girl resented correction, and was subject to sulky fits and bad temper. It transpired that, according to the Manager of the Branch, there was a discrepancy in her cash, some complicated point of cancellation of slips arising. To an insinuation that the dead girl had a "free hand with the till," the distracted father interposed a murmured protest, when the Coroner sharply told him that if he "were not quiet," he would be put out. In mute agony, this man sat and listened, while the witness, ably assisted by the Coroner, unfolded his view of the case, and at the close of the evidence—which, in brief, was to the effect that, accused of theft by the Manager and suspended from duty, she had gone thence and drowned herself—a few questions were put by the father, who endeavoured to bring in the fact that the poor child had been ill, and that the inquisition and accusations had been obviously harsh and terrifying, or she would not have taken her life so precipitately.

"DE MORTUIS."

The Coroner, apparently bored and irritated by these efforts, calmly told him that "nothing had been said that impressed him in the slightest." In summing up, he devoted some time to exonerating the administration of the Co-operative Society and the balance to a savage and insulting homily on the girl's conduct. "She has deliberately committed suicide, either in a fit of temper or resentment after being found out in an act of dishonesty. I almost thought of a verdict of '*Felo de se*,' but I will take into consideration the age of the girl. In the future I may not be disposed to be so charitable. I return a verdict of 'Suicide' simply out of sympathy for the parents." Now "*Felo de se*" is reserved for the most abandoned of creatures who take their lives, and is the crowning insult that can be put upon the dead. The attitude of the Coroner is deplorable. The sooner this official seeks the fit and congenial occupation of driving cattle, the sooner will his presence in the Coroner's chair cease to be an insult and menace to the community.

UNLUCKY PLUCK.

HOPELESS FIGHT 'GAINST WIND AND TIDE.

In January, 1915, Chief Engineer A. M. Rowles, a picture of health, joined the Admiralty Service, and after hair-raising experiences had his ship wrecked by a torpedo. Thirteen days later Rowles was fit again, and for a time ran the many perils between Calais and Archangel. This exciting period safely passed, he went East under sealed orders, eventually being engaged in the ticklish business of towing in the Persian Gulf, and also from Colombo to Calcutta. Thence he proceeded to the Dutch East Indies, and wound up by a trip to Mauritius, Delagoa Bay and Dacca, where he contracted a terrible "issue" of malaria. By superhuman effort he kept his feet and did his duty till his vessel reached London, when he collapsed, reduced from 14 stone of manly vigour to a helpless invalid of 9 stone 2 lb.! He struggled through five months of sickness, and received neither attention, enquiry, nor a farthing from the authorities. Totally unfit for the work, he, however, got a factory job at £2 15s., and on the work closing down, found a fitter's berth in the R.A.O.C., but was again dismissed under the Army Reduction Scheme. While out of work, another seven months of severe malarial attacks prostrated him. So ill that he could scarcely stand, he became a "Temporary" clerk at a Labour Exchange, leaving in August owing to reduction of staff. Here, then, was a strong and brave man, efficiently and fearlessly pursuing a perilous avocation, stricken from health to helpless invalidity in the course of his duty, struggling on from job to job, his home going to piecemeal to feed himself and wife, and because he is too proud to pester or bribe his way to any easy position, is left, as a return, to sell his few effects, while the "Conchie," and the work-shy, are maintained in useless ease at the taxpayer's expense!

A PERNICIOUS PRIZE.

GERMAN WAR GAME AT A SPORTS MEETING.

A scandalous story must needs be told in connection with the recent Athletic Sports Meeting at Brentwood, where, in the presence of some six or seven thousand people, a German War Game—containing propaganda of the most poisonous and pernicious nature—was given to a young boy named Edgar Wood, as a prize. Well might the scandalous act create an uproar! The amazing occurrence might not have been so disgraceful, perhaps, had this choice article merely shown a printed testimony of its origin; but, containing lurid pictures and cards which made one shudder to look at, the affair can only be regarded as what it was—a gross insult to every true Briton in the Empire. The instructions of the "game" were in German, and, apart from a portrait of the ex-Kaiser, and some equally repulsive reproductions of other hideous Huns, there were cards which depicted, in a beastly, inhuman fashion, the killing of a Frenchman by a Uhlan, and the actual bayoneting of a British soldier by a Turk. What a prize for a young British boy! The fact that children were present at that Sports Meeting in great numbers, and regarded the repulsive "prize-packet" with wonder, renders the demand for an immediate inquiry all the more important, and the local authorities must lose no time in fastening the responsibility of this scandalous act upon those who permitted it. There is little doubt that the real idea behind the whole thing was to circulate Hunnish propaganda amongst the children of this nation; but in any case, the first step is to call upon the Sports Committee for a detailed explanation. That report must not be "censored" by any local, influential tradesmen

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Save as you shave. Buy yourself an 'Ever-Ready Safety Razor to-day, and practise the art of economy.

5/-

In case with 6 'Radio' Blades.

Complete satisfaction or money refunded.

At all Dealers or from the British-American Safety Razor Co. Ltd., 3 Woodstock Street, London, W.1.

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TWO DEATHS FROM GANGRENE OF THE TOE.

Could have been avoided by Blue-jay

Inquests have been held in London on two persons who died from Gangrene set up by corn cutting.—(*Vide Daily Papers.*)

These lives could have been saved by Blue-jay, the Scientific Corn Cure.

Why take risks?

No corn can resist Blue-jay. It takes out the corn, root and all—without pain or discomfort. A second treatment is rarely necessary.

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The only safe way to completely remove Hard Corns, Soft Corns, Bunions, Warts.

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Send 3d. in stamps for Illustrated Booklet, "All About Corns," and sample plaster, from Blue-Jay Headquarters, (Dept. U), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C.1.

BRITISH ADMIRAL'S CRUEL ACT.

HEARTRENDING EVICTION OF R.A.F. MAN'S FAMILY—WHERE FORBEARANCE A VIRTUE.

IN spite of the fact that 100,000 skilled men in the building trade are without employment, the housing problem remains as acute as ever. It is a part of the aftermath of war which has given rise to more bitterness and to a stronger sense of injustice than any other of our domestic grievances. As between the "haves" and the "have nots" in respect of bricks and mortar there is daily evidence of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Quite commonly persons of normally kind disposition have been guilty of the most harsh and intolerant acts. But for sheer inhumanity, unredeemed by a ray of pity, there have been few episodes to compare with the conduct of Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, of Brimpton, Berks. As an Admiral of the Fleet, bearing a name honoured in naval history, Sir Arthur Fanshawe might have remembered the maxim *Noblesse Oblige*, and recognised a responsibility towards his tenants transcending that of the ordinary landlord. The sequel will show that he behaved in a manner so heartless as to call for the sternest censure. Among the cottages in the pretty Berkshire village of Brimpton was one owned by the Admiral and occupied till recently by a Mrs. Crowford, whose husband was on service with the Royal Air Force. For nearly two years past, Sir Arthur Fanshawe had made known his desire to be rid of the Crowfords, who had six young children; but notwithstanding every effort and long and weary tramps in search of "alternative accommodation," the harassed mother, who, in her husband's absence, had sole responsibility for the family affairs, had failed to find other shelter for her little flock.

Disastrous Delays.

Finally, however, Mrs. Crowford obtained a definite promise from the Housing Committee of the Newbury Rural District Council that the first cottage built by them under their housing scheme at Midgham would be reserved for her occupation. Almost simultaneously, Admiral Fanshawe appears to have hardened his heart towards the Crowfords, and on July 21st he applied to the Newbury County Justices for an Eviction Order against the family. The Bench consented, and assigned a month's grace. It might have been thought that in these circumstances Admiral Fanshawe would have stayed his hand. As soon as they knew an Eviction Order was pending the Housing Committee gave instructions to expedite the erection of the cottages at Midgham, in order if possible to avert the threatened disaster. Unfortunately the cottage was not completed by the end of the month, and Mrs. Crowford accordingly applied to the Magistrates for a suspension of the process. She explained that she had the promise of a cottage at Midgham as soon as it was ready. The Bench, however, refused this reasonable request, being urged to that unsympathetic course by Sir Arthur Fanshawe's legal representative, who definitely requested that no further grace should be allowed. Mrs. Crowford then laid the facts before the Housing Committee, who wrote to the Magistrate's Clerk begging for a further delay.

An Adamant Admiral.

But the Admiral was adamant, and upon the stroke of time the police appeared upon the scene to carry out the eviction. The ejectment of lowly tenants from their home is always a painful sight, never more so than when amongst the victims there are young and helpless children. There is no duty which the police more cordially detest. In the present case it may be said that it was most sympathetically carried out, the greatest care being taken that no harm should be done to the furniture. Nevertheless, the agony of the shelterless woman, surrounded by six young children, as she saw the familiar objects of her little home placed one by one on the roadside can readily be imagined. She knew, and there was added grief in the knowledge, that the respite of a fortnight, by which time the new cottage would have been ready for occupation, might have saved her from the humiliation and pain of these proceedings. Callously deprived by an elderly admiral's impatience of a roof for herself and family, her first concern naturally was to find shelter for the children. There was only one course open. She had no choice but to take the youngsters to her father's home at the neighbouring village of Beenham, where they were huddled together in a tiny cottage with an old man dying of cancer. There is no more shocking feature of the case. We are convinced that if those responsible knew the whole circumstances they would be overcome with self-reproach. The thought of six young children being thrust into the melancholy atmosphere of approaching death is revolting to all who have a proper sense of what is due to childhood. Their poor mother could not be blamed. She could not let them sleep in the fields or by the roadside, and her father's cottage was the only available shelter. But what is to be said of Admiral Sir Arthur Fanshawe, who permitted this thing to be? As we say, this gentleman bears an honoured name, and we are anxious to find any circumstance which can be urged in extenuation of his conduct. But we can see no justification for this harsh treatment of a helpless woman at a moment when her husband was engaged in the service of his country and unable to obtain leave.

Local Censure.

When the full facts were disclosed at a meeting of the Newbury Rural District Council, intense indignation was manifested, and voiced with particular vehemence by the Rev. H. F. Freeman, Rector of Woolhampton, who declared it "unaccountable that their recommendation should have been absolutely ignored and that Admiral Fanshawe could not have waited another fort night." It is to be hoped that, on a reconsideration of the facts, this elderly officer of His Majesty's Navy will repent his action and perhaps endeavour to make some sort of reparation for that rigorous insistence upon his rights which worked such havoc to the airman's family. From whatever standpoint it is regarded, the episode is among the most painful of its kind.

THE CANE FOR A COWARD.

SUITABLE PUNISHMENT FOR BRUTAL HUSBAND.

"They order this matter better in France," is a well-known quotation. As regards wife-beaters, we might say they order things better in South Africa. A bullying cur named Robert Alfred Barkenhuizen, a Bloemfontein taxi-driver, was last month charged before Mr. Magistrate Streak, of that city, with assaulting the partner of his joys and sorrows. On a certain morning, while in bed with her infant child who was unwell, the wife, a fragile woman, asked the accused for some money with which to buy food; whereupon he flew into a furious rage and rushed madly at her, striking her repeatedly on the nose and in the face with his fist, threatening to crush both her and the infant. He continued the assault with a poker. Finally, he ordered her to leave the house, warning her that in case she returned it would be her last night. The Magistrate sentenced the brute to three months' imprisonment with hard labour, and to receive *ten cuts with the cane*. The sentence was sent for review to Mr. Justice J. E. de Villiers, who appended to it the following words; "I certify that the proceedings in the present case appear to me to be in accordance with justice." What a pity it is a few of our country J.P.s cannot be sent to South Africa to learn the art of making the punishment fit the crime!

AFTER THE STORMS!

POOR REWARD FOR TWENTY YEARS' HEROISM.

The Lifeboat-man is a precious asset to the author, and he himself an object of admiration. In real life, he is too often forgotten when out of the picture. Mr. Henry Miller went down to the sea in ships at the mature age of 14, and rose to the perilous honour of a member of the Ramsgate Lifeboat crew, doing his duty at the post of danger with an efficiency equal to his modesty—his life-saving record, during his 20 years' service in the crew, being one to be proud of. On the outbreak of war, he went on the steamers between England and France, served a period with the Motor Boat Reserve, being invalided from that body. Still doing his bit, he got work on the transport to the Continent, running the gauntlet of mine and torpedo in the constant duel between our craft and the enemy raiders. To-day, at 50, still hale and willing, he is left to tramp the docks and wharves, seeking and gratefully accepting any odd jobs that come. The Lifeboat Institution has a store room at Poplar. He can and would gladly take even the small pay of such a job, but this fine old sea-dog, with his splendid record, finds his own Institution giving the work to women! These gallant fellows could well spare a little of the lavish praise, however well-earned, for their deeds of bravery, in return for a little more practical regard for them when old.

WAKEFORD AT WALTHAMSTOW.

FURTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR THE LONDON PUBLIC.

In pursuance of the programme arranged, the ex-Archdeacon has, during the past week, addressed several meetings. His engagements during the next few days are as follows:—

Sept 14th	..	Southampton
Sept 15th	..	Bournemouth
Sept 17th	..	Strood
Sept 18th	..	London.
Sept 19th, Sept 20th, Sept. 21st	..	Carlton Cinema, High Street Walthamstow, E.17.

The meeting arranged to take place at the Town Hall, Bournemouth, at 8 p.m., on the 15th inst., is likely to be of a most interesting character—more especially in view of the fact that Mr. W. Charles Pilley (Assistant Editor of John Bull), who was for several years a resident in this district is presiding. All interested in this particular meeting should make a point of arriving at the Town Hall early on the evening of the 15th, and so avoid disappointment. Further interesting fixtures during the coming week are those arranged for the Carlton Cinema, High Street, Walthamstow, where ex-Archdeacon Wakeford will speak at every performance on the 19th, 20th, and 21st inst.—in conjunction with the Gaumont Company's popular film, "The Mystery of the Wakeford Case." It should be noted that the "Girl in the Cathedral" will be present at each performance.

"Leaves from Life": SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED—the Picture-News Weekly.

DILATORY DURHAM DUNDERHEADS.

KEEPING A DISCHARGED SOLDIER OUT OF WORK.

John Clark is a discharged soldier, living at the Jolly Potters Inn, Newbottle, Co. Durham, but he seems likely to die of brain fever or destitution owing to the dunderheaded attitude of the Durham County Council. Being unable to follow his usual employment, he scraped and saved and bought a small motor bus. Then his troubles started. At the beginning of this year he applied for and obtained, after weeks of waiting, permission from the Houghton-le-Spring Rural District Council to run a passenger service to Sunderland, and this authority's recommendation was duly forwarded to the Durham County Council. Then came a communication from the Chief Constable at Sunderland stating that the omnibus would have to be inspected and a further application submitted to the Watch Committee.

AUTOCRATIC AUTHORITIES.

The bus was thereupon inspected, found perfect, and approved. But permission was not to be gained so easily. Considerable correspondence ensued with the Clerk of the County Council, mainly regarding objections to certain routes suggested. In view of the fact that permission was being granted to the Northern Motor Company to run services over these routes, the Houghton-le-Spring Council, who throughout have done their best to be helpful to this ex-Service man, took the matter up strongly on his behalf with the Durham County Council, pressing them to give the necessary consent without further delay. Their sympathetic attitude may be judged from a letter in which the Clerk says: "I am also to express the Council's regret at the action of the County Works Committee in withholding their consent for the institution of the services referred to in previous correspondence, in face of the fact that your application was supported by this Council, and that other omnibus proprietors have since been given permission." The matter had now run on into June, and Clark then suggested another route, and was informed by the Durham County Council that as this was over a District Road, his application was being forwarded to the District Council concerned. The next day the same Authority informed him that permission for still another route could not be granted as two services were already being maintained in that direction. So Clark tried again, though he had tried nearly every road on the map, and was informed his application would receive attention. The next communication was from the Sunderland Rural District Council stating that his application had been referred back to the Durham County Council, which had recently taken over all the main roads in the County.

DEPRIVED OF LIVELIHOOD.

At the time of writing, the Durham Dunderheads are still doddering, and the unfortunate applicant is still waiting for permission to earn a living, although he has to pay the same tax on his vehicle as the larger concerns who have been given preference. The whole business is not only a record of incompetent bungling, but is not entirely free from a suspicion of favouritism discreditable to a powerful Authority like the Durham County Council. In any event, with the break-up of the fine weather which must now be expected, and the imminence of the autumn and winter, poor Clark will have missed the remunerative season of the year; but we are afraid these considerations of humanity—to say nothing of gratitude for patriotic services rendered—weigh very little with public authorities of the Durham County Council type—who, indeed, have no soul to be damned or body to be kicked.

HERO IN PIGSTY.

L. G.'s PROPHECY LITERALLY FULFILLED.

At a recent cattle show, an admiring group of enthusiastic chaw-bacons were gathered three deep around a county celebrity. He was enthusiastically described as the "hero" of a hundred victories. He was a famous "Middle White," and had never been defeated—in the ring for prize porkers. Now for another picture. A Romford ex-soldier, a married man, left the Army with a pension of 10s. per week, but could get no work, his injuries during service debarring him from following his old trade. Furniture and clothes were pawned, and at last even the precious medals. As a final refuge, this unfortunate couple found an empty pig-sty, and there, with a solitary chair and a bed of straw, this "hero" lives, though no admiring crowds gather round his sty. The "Middle White" hero, at any rate, gets a sufficiency of food—and perchance his human neighbour gladly would feed of the husks this swine doth eat!

TOO LATE!

MARRIAGE POSTPONED ON PALTRY GROUNDS.

The Rev. Mr. Newbury, Vicar of St. Barnabas, Leicester, is a stickler for time. His services have been lost to the licensed trade, in which he might have shone and earned the approval of the police for his strict adherence, within a fraction of a second, to closing time. He had a marriage ceremony, fixed for 2.30 p.m., a few days ago. The bridegroom was at the church by 2.20, but as another wedding was in progress he was requested to remove himself until it was over. At 2.35, therefore, he re-entered the sacred edifice. The bride's arrival, in consequence of the foregoing, was delayed until 2.51, when his reverence, who probably thought it a huge joke to disappoint a young couple on what they believed would be their wedding day, refused to marry them, saying it was too late! He had nine minutes in which to complete the essential part of the ceremony—more than sufficient time; and it was, in our view, a piece of gross cruelty to turn the couple away for so paltry a reason. The bridegroom had to be helped from the church, and the bride received a shock which might have had very serious results. Yes, Mr. Newbury is just the man to call "Time, gentlemen, *please!*"

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

A Levenshulme man is anxious to throw discredit on one of our advertisers—S. A. Barry and Co.—and says, in effect, that their Conditioning House Certificate of cloth merit is over 20 years old. As a matter of fact, Barry's were established after the war, and the certificate shown to us is dated January 4th, 1921! The firm renew their excellent offer this week.

A printer's error crept into Harrill's advertisement recently—the size of the sheets they sell at 10s. 6d. per pair should be 70 by 90, not 70 by 50, as stated. The advertisement, corrected, is repeated in this issue.

J. Hawkins & Co. offer men's boots at 12s. 6d., and ladies' shoes at 12s., and will send their footwear fashion book free.

D. & W. Gibbs Ivory Castle Book will please the kiddies. They forward it gratis on application.

The 7 o'clock Safety Razor offer is worth reading carefully.

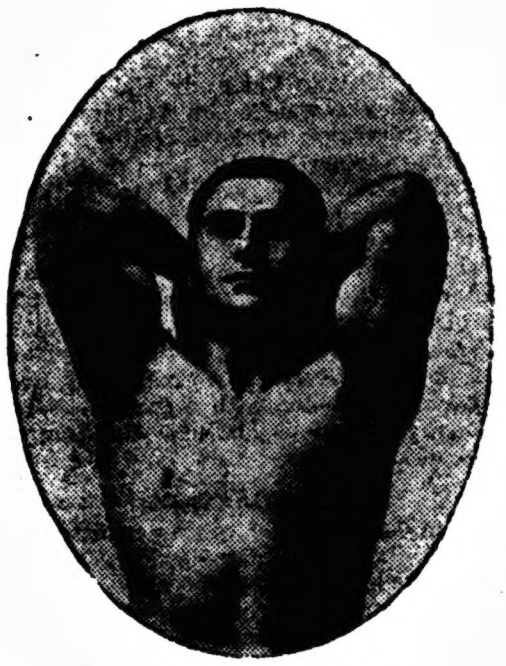
The Leeds Novelty Co. announce a new type of cigarette case at reasonable prices.

A free sample of Cow and Gate Milk will be sent to "J.B." readers for 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

The advertisement pages contain many other items of interest, some of which are in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching."

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page ii. of cover.

AND NOW
A PUPIL



Who writes, pleased to offer you some photographs of myself to show you how I am to-day, due to your expert tuition.

AND OTHERS—

"I am in better health now than I have been for years before."

"I am ten times better in my chest."

"The constipation has practically left me."

There is nothing secret about my methods; they are the simplest in the world, and, because of their simplicity, are the best; but the key is known only to myself. I have formed it as the result of years of experience, tests, and trials. There is nothing uncertain about it, as it is natural and positive in its results. It does not matter how weak or strong you are, you can make yourself absolutely fit by my advice.

Thirty Thousand Pupils have thanked me during years for what it has been my pleasure to do for them, and I have received whole-hearted recognition from such well-known authorities as Dr. Dale, Dr. Lee, John Marks, Hackenschmidt, Apollo, and Madrali.

If you have HEALTH, value it and obtain the reserve of energy by mental control so necessary in present-day life.

If you are in INDIFFERENT HEALTH, such as Chest and Lung Weakness, Constipation, Indigestion, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Lack of Vitality, Obesity, Neurasthenia, Rheumatism, write for my booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

If you require GREAT STRENGTH, a good development, weight increased, or have a rupture or curvature weakness, write to me at once for my Confidential Advice.

Edward Aston

.....

68, St. Paul's Chambers Ludgate Hill, LONDON, E.C.4.

SIR,—Please send me gratis a copy of your booklet, "Physical Culture Simplified."

Name .....

Address .....

FRESH ALIEN TERROR.

GREAT BRITAIN ONCE MORE INVADED BY HORDES OF UNDESIRABLES.

IT has been cynically observed that since the War the English people, like the Bourbons, have "learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Certainly the attitude of the authorities towards the burning question of alien immigration tends to confirm this view. The bitter lessons taught by the Great War seem to have been wholly ineffectual. In those black years we learned to what an appalling extent we were at the mercy of the foreigner; we discovered the unsuspected and insidious character of the alien conspiracy against the safety of the realm; and in particular our eyes were opened to the determined menace of Teuton hatred. Even so we continued to treat these hostile parasites with a gentleness which, upon many occasions, earned the scorn and derision of our allies.

Amazing Apathy.

In the midst of hostilities we permitted enemy subjects to become naturalised as citizens of the United Kingdom. We allowed uncouth German names to be changed to good British ones. In short, the British lion during the period of actual warfare roared at these undesirable aliens as gently as any sucking dove. True, some of them were relegated to the internment camps, but these were mostly poverty-stricken individuals of the least dangerous type. As a rule, the bigger and more ferocious fish slipped through the meshes of the net. There was no excuse for this attitude on the part of the Government. The lessons of the War had been clear and unmistakable. The Hun waiter—obliging and bland—proved in many instances to have been a sort of listening post for the advancing German armies. The Hun barber in countless instances was found to have served his country in a like capacity. On British ships German sailors were allowed to serve, learning the geography of our home waters; while in higher circles a section of Society welcomed the more dangerous Hun aristocrat, lending him opportunities of enlightenment in regard to British policy, the details of which were promptly transmitted to the German Government. It was a pitiable story of fond stupidity and crass neglect.

The Present Position.

In the circumstances, there was no small excuse for the cynic who declared that our final victory over treachery at home and ferocity abroad was "more due to luck than judgment." In truth, of course, it was the indomitable pluck of the citizens of Great Britain and the priceless valour of her fighting men that achieved the victory. So much the sadder is it to discover that the lessons of the War have been so thrown away upon the authorities that we are once more menaced with the subtle peril that nearly worked our undoing at the moment of crisis. As though the problem of labour unrest, complicated by the evils of unemployment, were not sufficient, we are permitting the foreigner to return in his hundreds, not only to aggravate the unsettled condition of the labour market, but, by his insidious Bolshevik propaganda, to foment still further the spirit of revolt which is a disquieting sign of the times. Ample and authoritative justification for these statements is to be found in the Government "Return of Alien Passengers" presented to Parliament under the Aliens' Order, 1920. In that illuminating and alarming document we read that during the three months ended June 30th, 1921, 72,999 alien passengers landed on these shores, and that during the same period only 307 were refused permission to land. Of the total number of immigrants, excluding British born women, as many as 1,639 were Germans and Austrians, who, only yesterday, as it seems, were our bitterest foes. In addition there were a large number of Russians who, while they cannot strictly be spoken of as enemies, can hardly be classed as friends. From some of these Muscovite invaders, as is notorious, proceeds the most serious internal menace to the peace of the British Isles, to say nothing of those serious threats to our Indian Empire which are alarming the minds of statesmen. Yet, during the three months under review, 1,501 representatives of the Russian nation, including some of the most dangerous revolutionaries, were permitted to land at British ports. We will say nothing of the Chinese, Czecho Slovaks, Jugo Slavs, Poles, Turks and other nationalities who have poured into England since the armistice. The danger has been emphasised by no less an authority than the Home Secretary, whose words will repay close attention.

A Remarkable Warning.

Speaking with the full weight of official authority, Mr. Shortt recently declared: "There are at the present time a great number of dangerous aliens who want to get into this country. The general public do not appreciate how the British Empire is being attacked from many quarters. The Germans are determined to ruin us if they can. Every day there are emissaries who are desirous of getting into this country." If it stopped at the "desire" it might be all very well, but alas! there is ample evidence to show that in many instances the wish is fully consummated in circumstances that are a glaring menace to our national safety. The time has come for the public to demand a truce to this abject fooling, and the strict and energetic administration of the Aliens' Act. The public are in no mood to risk a repetition of the dangers and disasters which remain so vividly in the memories of all.

RED TAPE AGAIN!

SCOTS GUARDS BANNED IN NORWICH.

The Town of Norwich is enterprising enough to run a Home Life Economy Exhibition, for the benefit of its citizens. Another live move is the engagement of the Band of the Scots Guards to discourse real music to the patrons of the show. It has also occurred to the organisers that people who had neither time for, nor interest in, the Exhibition would be grateful for the opportunity of enjoying the playing of this famous Band on Sundays. Accordingly, an application was made for permission to use the Agricultural Hall for three Sunday Concerts. Norwich, however, is blessed (or cursed) with a collection of Early Victorian relics in the shape of Licensing Magistrates. Useless to argue that Bands play on Sundays in two other places in the city, and that the engagement was not a bit extra that the Scots Band was trying to work in, as they already had applications for these identical Sundays from Yarmouth. The Court pointed out that the Agricultural Hall had a licence for six days in the week. The applicants retorted that the application was merely for the special purpose of giving a musical treat to the people of Norwich during the Exhibition period. But making an alteration at that particular sessions would be setting a bad precedent! As the Exhibition will be over, and the Scots Guards Band be long gone, by the time the application could be made at the annual sessions, Norwich people are to suffer a genuine musical loss to gratify the love of red tape of dog-in-the-manger killjoys dressed in a little brief authority.

HOT AIR HOMES FOR HEROES.

EXORBITANT RENT FOR EAST END TENEMENTS.

Stepney is a crowded place. For over 20 years to our knowledge the good old English of Stepney have been fighting for house room in that savoury place, and on the whole the unsavoury aliens from the slums of Europe have won against them. Here we have the expensive local scheme of building, designed mainly for the welfare of those soldiers who served us, and who were promised a land fit for heroes to live in—even Stepney. Well, the big block of flats called Jubilee Mansions, Jubilee Street, Mile End, has been well and truly finished. The block looks well, although it is situated in a mean part—and all and sundry, particularly ex-soldiers, are asked to make application for possession. Accommodation—one living room, three bedrooms, scullery and bathroom. Rent, including taxes, £1 11s. 0d. a week, and if the rates go up—as they are sure to—the tenant must pay his proportion. The Council are at pains to point out, with candid honesty, 'It is only right to inform you that at present there is no gas or electric light laid on to the premises, so that you will have to supply yourself with such artificial light as you require." And there you are—the rent of a suburban house asked for a Council tenement in the East End, plus the cost of installing electric light or gas fittings! A prospector for one of the flats, who fought in the war, asks us if the tenements were intended for imitation Park Lane people or his class? We give it up. Perhaps the Mayor and his pals have an eye on the Jubilee pile. If so, they should have little competition.

PARASITIC PROFITS.

WANTED, GOODS PRICED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

"By your leave, I rise to remark that I agree with Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labour Leader, in saying that scandalous profiteering is still taking place midway between the wholesaler and the consumer." Thus begins a man who maintains that not a few, but many, retailers have lost all conscience in their relations with customers. "They insulted us and bled us during the war. They have ceased to insult us, it is true, but they still bleed us. Use is second nature. They have become so accustomed to their parasitic profits that they certainly will not cease to exact them until the purchasing public, especially our womenfolk, go back to their old method of shopping—never buying without seeing the goods and comparing the prices. These unconscionable shopkeepers, themselves keen buyers and taking advantage of every turn in the wholesale market, are too grasping to share any drop in prices with their customers." What is wanted to bring back the era of fair profits as against iniquitous overcharging is the practical application of the shop announcement with which all of us used to be familiar, "All Goods Marked In Plain Figures." Then, in the absence of Rings or combinations to fix prices, shoppers would be able to tell who was the profiteer and who was the tradesman giving his customers the advantage of his wholesaler's prices. There is no more extravagant and foolish way of shopping than to trust everything to a tradesman—quality, price, weight, everything. In this way the extortionist takes the fullest toll, his extortion rising higher as the courage of his customer falls.

Clean Sunday Reading—Straight Hitting in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

Charlie Chaplin, Everywhere.

DEAR CHARLIE,—I am delighted that you have come back to the old country. The last time we met, you were a humble member of George Dance's provincial theatrical companies—and now, with Mary Pickford, you rule the world. I am practising raising my hat in that inimitable way of yours so that we may suitably exchange greetings when we meet again; but in the matter of unmentionable nether garments my tailor says he is "beat." I am afraid you will find London somewhat dull, so for goodness' sake come and make us laugh. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Isaiah Muggleston, Ongar, Essex.

SIR,—I sincerely regret to hear that you have been turned out of your farm, owing to it being sold over your head. But I am also exceedingly intrigued with the idea that, as a Guardian of Ongar, you should now be reduced to entering the workhouse yourself! It is true that, with the permission of your fellow-Guardians, you are occupying your rooms as a tenant, and the workhouse, having been closed, has only been re-opened for your accommodation. But, in any case, you will now be able to test, by actual personal contact, the amenities of that "home," and when in the future complaints are made you may be induced by painful memories to do something to ameliorate the lot of those who, in hard and genuine poverty, are compelled to seek a shelter as charity where you take it as a makeshift. JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Clegg, Chairman, Sheffield Magistrates.

SIR,—Your family have been for years an authority in the world of Association Football, and you must know, of your own long personal knowledge, that footballers and the thousands of spectators who watch the games, are as a class, the least liable to indulge in alcoholic excess, either when playing or watching their favourite pastime. Why then, when the Sheffield United Club, of which your brother is Chairman, apply for a drink licence for their ground having had such a permit before the war, did you oppose it? By that act you cast a slur on your own friends and supporters, and deprived a well-conducted class of people of a chance to quench a quite natural thirst—they having cheered themselves hoarse over your own team. Your action was silly, both ethically and commercially.

JOHN BULL.

To J. E. Fowler Dixon, Esq., "Tonetta," Herne Bay.

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—Allow me to applaud the performance which distinguished your 71st birthday—that of running a mile in 7 min. 56 4-5 sec. I know several people half as young who could not do it and would not try. An all-round athlete—the first amateur to walk 100 miles in 24 hours—and a thoroughly genial good fellow, other athletes delight to honour you by electing you to the highest offices in their clubs and associations. Your heart is in the right place; I hope it will be there for many years to come. All you wish yourself!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Mortlake.

SIR,—A few days ago you adjudicated on what I cannot characterise as other than a painful case. A young servant girl, aged only 18, appeared before you on remand, charged with wandering on Barnes Common without visible means of support. At 11.50 p.m. she was found peering under bushes for a place in which to sleep. Distressed, possibly, by a previous experience of such institutions, she begged you, rather than send her to a home, to commit her to prison. In my opinion, you exhibited rather unnecessary haste in acquiescing in her request. Surely her "crime" was not so heinous as to warrant her being gaoled for six weeks. I should like to know what good purpose you imagine so harsh a sentence will serve. JOHN BULL.

To the General Officer Commanding, London District, S.W.1.

SIR,—On Sept. 1st, the Liquor Control panjandrums were graciously pleased to restore to the thirsty citizens of this realm an inch or so of the ell of liberty, filched by the prying fingers of D.O.R.A. In other words, premises licensed for the sale of alcoholic beverages were permitted to remain open another hour. But the military premises of like nature are still as if that blessed hour had never struck. The N.C.O.s of various "messes" within your command, sorrowfully departing their ways at 10 p.m., have their soldierly ears assailed with the gladsome lilt of "Come let us the canakins clink!" from the grateful throttles of their civilian brothers across the way at the "Pig and Whistle." All because you have not told them officially in "Orders" a fact which privately they don't need telling. Sir, have a heart!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. P. Downes, 13, Vallance Road, Hove, Sussex.

PURBLIND PURITAN,—I see you have been referring to Brighton as "the fastest town in the world," and that Brightonians resent it. I don't see why they should worry. You have merely exposed your ignorance. What do you know of the world? Ever been to Suez? I have known Brighton for many years, and have always been struck by its air of smug respectability. If you can see any particular wickedness in the Queen of Watering Places, you must—like so many other Nonconformist parsons—look at life through a peculiar medium of your own. Cultivate a cleaner vision.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Arthur Hamilton, The Swimming Club, Kingston-on-Thames.

MADAM,—After your efforts to emulate the fabulous fancies of Ananias, Karl Friedrich Hieronymous Munchausen, and Henri de Rougemont, you could not be surprised at the mixed reception you received at your swimming exhibition in the baths, however little it put you off your stroke. Whatever the truth about your last swim in the Channel, you admit you told a fib when you said you had a chart of it, while in regard to your much advertised Channel swim of last year it now appears that you hardly even wetted your feet. So much imagination in a lady is not an endowment to be desired, and my advice to you is to take a rest cure. Otherwise you must not expect people to believe you even on your affidavit. JOHN BULL.

To J. H. Johnson, Esq., Clerk to the Cheadle and Gatby Urban District Council.

DEAR CLERK,—I won't go so far as to call you a curmudgeon, but it is quite evident that you don't like boys. Have you forgotten your own childhood days? Was there never a time when you raided a neighbouring orchard or trespassed on some farmer's field for mushrooms or nuts? Perhaps you prefer to forget; else how could you have summoned a number of boys for "stealing" a few potatoes from your allotment, and actually have engaged a solicitor to appear against these high-spirited lads who, after all, were only playing at "Red Indians" in an improvised wigwam? Don't you think that five strokes with the birch was excessive punishment for lads who meant no evil? If not, you are entitled to all my scorn.

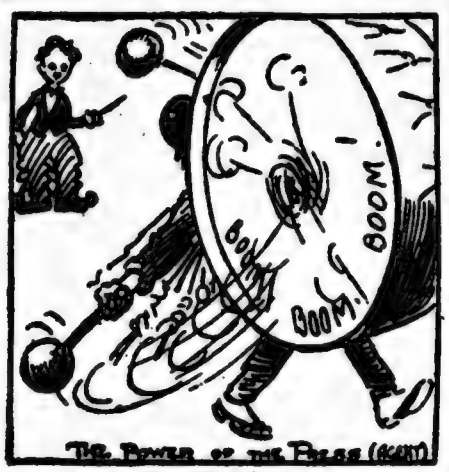
JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Balfour, far
From homeland troubles,
Takes delight
In blowing bubbles!

The British Ass
Suggests we may
Make anything
We like—some day!

Coal merchants may
The slump deplore—
Consumers still
Should wait for more.



The hollow drum
Has well contrived
To tell us Charlie
Has arrived.

The "Greatest Scoop"—Reminiscences of the ex-Speaker to appear in SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED.

MY MESSAGE TO T

The Government's Clear Duty—They M

By THE E

AS was to be expected, my recent articles upon the Communist position have got me into terribly hot water with the extreme section of the Labour movement, and in several of the rebel newspapers I have been attacked with a wealth of epithet that defies emulation. To begin with, the revolutionary journal, *Out of Work*, honours me with a "reply" which sprawls over a page and a half without getting anywhere in particular save into a terrible morass of mixed metaphors and lurid adjectival reproach. In the next place, that diminutive organ, *The Red Dawn*, which, as I have said, specially caters for the babes and sucklings of the Communist movement, favours me with a dignified remonstrance in which I am likened to Judas Iscariot and urged "not to lower myself into the sow's trough by reading moral lessons." This sort of stuff is obviously intended to be offensive, and I suppose I ought to be angry. Yet I confess that somehow or other, possibly owing to a natural perversity of disposition, my withers are unwrung. Indeed, I am afraid that in what follows I may be held to be "turning the other cheek." For I intend this week to deal with the desperate plight of the "out-of-works" in a spirit, I hope, of earnest sympathy and certainly with genuine desire to find a way out of the existing dilemma. The problem of unemployment has reached a stage at which it can no longer be ignored. We are face to face with a situation which, if we are not careful, may flare up into a general conflagration, assailing our most cherished institutions and leaving in its wake a trail of unspeakable disaster. At such a crisis I pin my faith, not so much to the skill and ingenuity of the politicians, who have so often failed us in the hour of need, as to the sturdy common sense of the British people who, I am convinced, will be only too eager to respond to a definite lead upon this vital question. As it is we are all at sixes and sevens, and the first thing seems to be to lay down one or two fixed principles which should command universal assent.

An Unanswerable Claim.

Therefore, without any preliminary juggling with facts and figures, I want to go straight to the heart of the problem. The crux of the situation, in my opinion, is the position of the ex-Service men. As a nation, we have a responsibility to the men who fought in the war which no sophistry can evade and no lapse of time annul. It is a bond of honour that only the basest ingratitude and the foulest treachery could ignore. For me it has an intense personal significance. I remember the recruiting speeches I delivered up and down the country in the first hot months of the conflict—in which, speaking, as I felt sure I might, in the name of the British people, I pledged my word that no sacrifice should go unrequited, and that the heroes who tendered their all for King and Country should never repent their valour. I should be a coward and a poltroon if, now that for thousands of these heroes the bitter day of reckoning has come, I failed to do all that in me lies to secure the redemption of these pledges. I have no desire to shirk the issue, and I therefore say at once, in the most explicit terms, that every ex-soldier or sailor who in the present stress is willing to work yet unable to find employment, must have liberal relief at the hands of the State. There's no help for it. It is a matter of common decency. I am inclined to think that such payments should be a national charge, levied in proportion to their means, upon the whole body of taxpayers, and while I deprecate their lawless methods, I have considerable sympathy with the point of view of the Poplar Councillors, who argue that the ratepayers of the richer London Boroughs should be made to contribute towards the crying needs of the East End. However, this by the way. The main thing is that the man who can point to a tangible record of military or naval service or can adduce good reasons for his absence from the fighting ranks must receive from the coffers of the community a sufficient maintenance to tide him over till he can find employment. Obviously, there will have to be proper safeguards against the abuse of the relief machinery. Everything possible should be done to make hard the path of the loafer, and to draw a sharp dividing-line between the "won't-works" and the genuine victims of misfortune. All this goes without saying, but the principle is the thing, and I affirm unhesitatingly that wherever an ex-Service man—through no fault of his own—is genuinely unemployed, he has a claim of honour that must be met in full. Cost what it may, we must see that his home is protected, his children fed and clothed, and his self-respect preserved till brighter days are in sight. Indeed, our obligation extends still farther. The mere provision of financial relief has no sort of claim to be regarded as a full and final solution. The problem of unemployment will yield to no such simple treatment. Men who are willing to work and wearied out with the vain search for employment still detest the wretched system of "doles," which has about it the odious flavour of charity, hateful to all whose independent spirit has not been utterly quenched by unmerited misfortune. *It is work they want.* All cynical jesting apart, the number of men and women who would rather walk in a procession of the unemployed than devote themselves to honest labour is relatively small, and includes scarcely any of those who, a few short years ago, were acclaimed as "Saviours of their Country." In the main it is work that is wanted, and work that we shall have to find—work, dignified, profitable, and productive, suited alike to the requirements of the individual and of the State. I am sure there need be no insuperable difficulty about this if only our statesmen will lay their heads together and honestly seek a solution. There are all sorts of things that need doing—roads, afforestation, harbour works, etc.—and although in the ordinary way we might have been disposed to postpone some of these enterprises until we had recovered a little bit from the drain of war, the claims of the unemployed must take precedence of all other considerations, and, if necessary, we must not scruple to pledge our credit in this

All grievances I can't remove,
But this I hope to do:

THE UNEMPLOYED.

...y Must Have Work—My Own Intentions.

BY THE EDITOR.

great human cause. The necessary money need not all come out of the pocket of the over-burdened taxpayer. In one of last week's articles in this journal the Government were urged to "share out that German gold"; and now that a sum of £50,000,000 on account of the long-promised German indemnity has been paid into the British Exchequer, there is much to be said for the suggestion that this money should be earmarked for the relief of the unemployed. There are one or two other financial proposals which I am working out in my own mind, and I am satisfied that the difficulty of capital expenditure can easily be overcome if we go the right way about it, and endeavour by the application of business principles to make the best of a troublesome situation. The fact that in other directions we are spending money like water is not lost upon the workless masses of our great industrial centres. The truth in regard to the cost of our inflated bureaucracy is sinking into the public mind—as well it may when it is realised that at this moment, according to reliable estimates, there are 8,000,000 people paid out of the public funds, which means that one person in every six is an official of some sort maintained from the earnings of the workers. To a great extent, this State-paid army is a legacy of the war, and the unemployed workman who "did his bit" when required, without grumbling or complaint, may be forgiven for thinking that if the "Cuthberts" of the war period are allowed to retain their cushy jobs, there ought, at any rate, to be some tangible relief for his desperate needs. Naturally—and who shall blame him?—he will ponder upon such items in Civil Service Estimates as the £800,000 per annum paid in pensions to men and women who, while they may have served their country creditably in their several spheres never heard a shot fired in anger, and were for the most part adequately remunerated throughout a long and not too arduous official career. The unfortunate victim of unemployment will note that the total cost of the Civil Service for a single year is estimated at £565,000,000; and as he reflects upon the long vacations granted to highly-paid servants of the State who are less in need of a holiday than the tired industrial worker, he will not be too easily satisfied with the statement that there is no money available for undertakings that might provide work for himself and his mates pending that general revival of industry that is so long in coming. Really, we cannot wonder if there are occasional outbursts of impatience and if once in a way men are goaded by hunger into violent demonstrations of hatred against the existing order of society. The marvellous thing, to my mind, is the extraordinary patience of these men, who have seen the most solemn Government pledges torn up with a cynical disregard of the vital human interests at stake. In any other country in the world similar economic conditions would inevitably have provoked a violent explosion of popular wrath. The volatile Latin temperament would in all certainty have reacted disastrously in the face of such a test, and I am not at all sure that the galaxy of virtues which make up the American character would have stood the strain. I remember a terrible saying of Anatole France: "Civilisation rests upon the patience of the poor." There is an ugly menace of truth in it, and our political leaders will be lacking in the elements of statesmanship if they fail to grapple with this burning problem. Meanwhile, we need not be too disturbed because here and there there is a little wild talking or an occasional brush between workless demonstrators and the police. These things are inevitable, and serve merely to emphasise the almost superhuman patience with which most of the sufferers have endured their lot. Still, we must not be lulled into a false sense of security. Our industrial workers are not the degenerate type of which revolutionaries are easily made, but there is a limit to their patience, and we have no right to palter with a situation that cries aloud for the healing touch of practical sympathy.

My Own Plans.

From this time onward, I intend earnestly to devote my mind to this problem, which can be grasped in its entirety only by patient application and penetrating research. I feel sure that in the principles I have laid down I shall command the assent of my readers, who will be at one with me in demanding the fullest possible fulfilment of the pledges that were given to the men who, as soldiers and sailors, or in other departments of His Majesty's Forces, saved our homes from invasion and the Empire from ruin. As for the Prime Minister and his colleagues, I pay them the compliment of assuming that they are as eager as I am to find a solution of our present difficulties, and to protect the unemployed workers from the ever-present menace of starvation. If the Government has no remedy for these acute social evils it has no right to remain in office and ought to make way for better men. The voice of Labour is insistent, and small blame to those who, in their impatience at the seeming apathy and indifference of the authorities, occasionally make use of language which threatens those very evils which in saner moments they are striving desperately to avert. As for myself, I have certain definite plans which in a short time from now I propose to put into operation. Just at the moment I am somewhat on the wing, but I hope at a very early date to have a conference with the Minister of Labour, the President of the Board of Trade, and the First Commissioner of Works, with the object of ascertaining the exact extent of their present powers, and, as far as they are free to disclose them, their future intentions. I shall then return to the subject in much greater detail, armed—I hope, with concrete proposals which will carry us some distance along the road to a better state of things. The need is one which should appeal profoundly to every man and woman who has at heart the welfare of this old country and who desires to defend our ancient Constitution from the attacks of the extremists. If a worse calamity is to be averted, the present situation must be handled in a spirit of earnest sympathy and good-will.

Compel the Government to keep Their promises to you.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

CAPTAIN HAROLD GRENFELL, R.N.

"GOO' mornin', sir. Wot? *'Air trimmed?* Right. Jest take thet chair, please. I won't keep you 'arf a minute, but I wanter finish readin' this bit in the *Daily 'Erald* — a letter written by a bloke wot signs 'imself 'Arold Grenfell, Captain, R.N., retired. Time 'e *was* retired, I sh'd think. Time 'e retired altogether! . . . Eh? . . . *Wot do I mean by me insultin' remawks?* I don't understand yer. Wot are yer talkin' about? . . . *Insultin' references to Captain Grenfell?* Git away! Don't talk sich clotted nonsense. Think I'm goin' to be dictated to by me customers as to 'oo I talks about an' wot I ses about 'em? . . .

* * *

Sinnin' in ignorance? 'Ow can anybody sin in ignorance? If you don't *know* it's a sin, 'ow can it *be* a sin? Awnswer me thet. . . . *Cawn't avoid the point thet way?* Wot point? I don't want to avoid no point. I simply sed I thought it was 'igh time Cap'n Grenfell, retired—retired altogether. Thet's all. . . . Oh! you take it as an affront, do yer? Well, you can take it as an aback, so fur as I care. 'Sides, wot's it to do with you? . . . Eh? *You're the Cap'n 'imself?* Git away! You are too good-lookin'. A 'ansom' man like you couldn't 'ave made sich a fool of 'isself as Cap'n Grenfell did the other day, writin' to the *Daily 'Erald.* If you're 'im, you'd better toddle 'orf. . . . *Wot did you say?* Ha—now I've gotcher. You objected to the International Famine Relief Commission insistin' on guarantees bein' given thet any food or other 'elp bein' sent into Russia from foreign countries should be used for the famine sufferers, and not for the Russian Red Army. You sed it was a gross insult. 'Ow was it a n'insult? . . . Wot, *the Government set up an' supported by the workers of a nation can be expected to be'ave with elementary humanity an' decency towards its subjects?* Don't talk silly! With wot sort of elementary humanity an' decency 'as the Bolshie Guv'ment acted towards the quiet an' respectable Russian? I awsk yer. . . .

* * *

You've on'y gotter read the newspapers. If the nations wot are supplyin' food to feed the Russians 'oo're sufferin' from a famine brought about by the bloomin' Bolshies, awsk for guarantees thet the grub won't be used for the savage armies wot's caused all the trouble, they're well within their rights. Wot's more, they've got jolly good reasons for awskin' for them guarantees. . . . 'Oo's a liar? 'Ere, steady, Cap'n. I don't orfen lose me temper, but w'en I does, I *does.* The principal Bolshie newspaper in Russia sed the other day: "We carn't 'ope to 'elp the starvin' with the food supplies received, for all these resources are exclusively required for the nourishment of the Red Army." There you are. Thet's wot the Bolshie Guv'ment thinks of their starvin' feller-countrymen. In the face o' thet, ain't the nations wot are supplyin' grub intitled to awsk for guarantees thet it will go to the right quarter? . . . You don't believe it? Wot I've told you was printed in a paper called the *Pravda*—a paper wot can be relied on as sayin' wot the Bolshie 'eads thinks. . . . Oh! well, run away an' play. I won't shave yer. All I've gotter say is, I'm sorry you was ever a n'officer. . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY.

I'm Poplar's late popular Mayor—
A local official most rare!
It's a place I like
(You may all chi-ike)
I only wish I was there!
The treatment I've got isn't fair,
But I am the last to despair,
For, despite my dress,
You must all confess
I was once a pop-popular Mayor!

PATTER: Never thought I should come to this, did you? . . . You did? Oh, that's swank. I didn't. I never thought the Government would have the pluck to run me in and incarcerate—I said incarcerate—me in Brixton Prison. I *was* surprised. What a predicament—I said predicament—for Poplar's late pop-popular Mayor! What a p-p-p-plight. It isn't as though I drank. I don't. I'm Poplar's late pop-popular pussyfoot Mayor, and yet here am I in chokey! It isn't as though I smoke, either. I don't. It makes me feel so bad—*you* know, a sort of Steward, reach-me-the-basin feeling. I ought not to be here—not really. The food's simply rotten. Fancy four ounces of bread and a pint of tea for breakfast! What a meal for a once pop-popular Mayor! And dinner. Look at dinner! Boiled meat and gravy, and a pound of potatoes! What does Poplar's late pop-popular Mayor want with a p-pound of p-p-potatoes? I ask you. And for tea every day they give me four ounces of bread and a p-pint of cocoa! Cocoa—for *tea,* mark you! Somebody ought to ask a question in the House about that. S'ridiclus! And no butter. Not even a dab of marge! Cruelty, I call it—after what I've been used to. I wish I'd stopped in Russia. Did I tell you I went to Russia? I *should* have stayed there, but I found it *So*-viet. Ha, ha! That's not a bad one, is it? I Moscow again some day. Ha, ha, ha! That's a better one! Didn't think it was in me, did you, as the cat said to its missus when she looked for the lost kipper. Yes, if it wasn't for the food everything in Brixton would be lovely. But I don't think I shall be able to stand the diet. I shall have to agree to levy those rates, I expect, especially since that interfering person dug out the fact that in 1909 I said that a locality that, to the detriment of efficiency, rebelliously insists on its own autonomy should at least be left to bear its own burdens. Yes, that is the opinion I subscribed to in 1909. Let me see, I rather think I was Poplar's pop-popular Mayor then. Perhaps it would have been better had I stuck to that view. I certainly shouldn't be in Brixton if I had:

Which, for Poplar's late popular Mayor
(A local official most rare)
Is hardly the place,
Though it's not a disgrace
For a man of my sort to be there.
The treatment I get isn't fair,
But I am the last to despair,
Though you all must confess
This is hardly the dress
For a once pop-pop-popular Mayor!
A Mayor,
A once pop-popular Mayor!

PRINTER'S PIE.

"LLOYD'S SUNDAY NEWS":—"Kubelik . . . is about to begin an extensive tour of the British Isles. He will bring with him . . . the £35,000 VIOLIN SPECIALLY MADE FOR HIM BY STRADIVARIUS."

"GLASGOW HERALD":—"The SILENT protests of the African race were deeply eloquent and EXPRESSED IN SEVEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES."

"NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL":—"The bride's bouquet was of asters and the bridesmaids carried SHEAFS OF SWEET PEARS."

"LEOMINSTER NEWS":—"The tenting provided for the various shows will be so EXPENSIVE that should the day be showery there will be ample protection."

"SPORTS ECHO":—"Twelve months ago Bumble Bee won the Palatine Nursery for MR. DIXON, and yesterday THE LATTER'S SISTER, BUZZ ON, carried off the race for the same owner and trainer."

"BUCKS HERALD" (advertisement):—"—— —— has odd sizes and broken ranges in TIES, SHIRTS, SOCKS, etc., and these will be marked at prices to suit the most HUNGRY."

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"The landings of white fish at the Aberdeen fish market have ONLY BEEN EQUAL TO THE DEMAND, with the result that quite a lot of fish REMAINED UNSOLD."

"DAILY EXPRESS" (advertisement):—"Gramophone, handsome 4 ft. cabinet, SOLID MAHOGANY RECORDS."

"MAGNET LIBRARY":—"A sheet of notepaper was PINNED on the caravan door with a NAIL."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN":—"Remove it from the Saucepan, and stand it in a COOL oven to keep HOT."

"DURANGO DEMOCRAT":—"The officials of the company include Sir George B. Hunter and other directors of the FIRM WHICH BUILT THE MAURETANIA AS WELL AS THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, EARL GREY . . . and other business men."

SECOND FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

In this competiton the following 68 competitors each sent a coupon containing ten correct results of matches played on September 3rd. They, therefore, divide the prize of £500, each receiving the sum of £7 7s. 1d.

Adam, W., 24, Brechin Rd., Arbroath; Baker, M., Hertcot, Guilsborough, Northampton; Barker, A., 62, Libra Rd., Plaistow; Barton, H., 33, Howe St., Rebburn-on-T; Bennt, C. A., 1, Churchill Av., Coventry; Bolton, C., 60, Tulketh St., Southport; Bonner, S., 45, Stanley Rd., Grays; Brown, W. L., 18, Agar St., Melton Rd., Leicester; Brinkworth, T. S., 51, Elm Rd., Brixton; Brown, J., 138, Wood St., Kettering; Brown, W. H., 124b, Argyle St., Glasgow; Brown, W. H., 378, High Rd., Willesden; Burrows, R., Ordnance Office, Bovington Camp, Dorset; Butler, H. A., 119, Carlton Rd., Nottingham; Cobbold, C., Love Lane, Rayleigh; Connock, H. B., Whithurst Manor, The Weald, Sevenoaks; Crabtree, W., 20, Thornhill Rd., Dewsbury; Cranmer, J., 16, Kramer Mews, Earls Court; Dent, W., Long Herrington, nr. Rugby; Dickson, G., 84, Green, Aberdeen; Edwards, F., 18, New Bond St., Halifax; Errington, R., 3, Lorne St., Retlet, Co. Durham; Fallick, S. J., 48, Queen St., Portobello; Glass, Mrs. M. C., 153, Willesden Lane, N.W.6; Grady, W., 15, Cromwell St., Sunderland; Guest, R., 5, Percy Cott., Mayfield St., Hull; Harris, E. W., 178, Lordship Lane, S.E.; Hattatt, H., 70, Dalton Rd., Luton; Haycock, W., 64, Carter St., Walworth Rd.; Heppie, F., 2, St. Mark's Cottages, Sunderland; Hiscock, R., Perranwell Station, Cornwall; Holmes, J. W., 4, Percy Pl., Fisher Gate, Nottingham; Hudson, W. A., 49, Norwood Rd., Marsh; Hynes, W., 12, Brown's Lane, Handbridge, Chester; Jackson, M., 18, School Rd., Cullwyn, Neath; Judge, G., 18, Lysanden Grove, Holloway; Kennedy, F., 14, First St., Radford, Coventry; Kilminster, G. I., 13, Broad St. Place, E.C.2; Kimmett, J., 36, Florence St., Glasgow, S.S.; King, Miss C., 79, Mitfield Rd., Clapton; Liddle, Miss, 76, Carter Lane, Mansfield; McGibbon, E., 3, Council Cottages, Hamble, Hants; McKenna, J., 71, Glebe St., Glasgow; Mason, Miss F., 24, Beale Rd., Old Ford; Mills, J. J., 64, Wheecheap St., Canterbury; Murrie, C., 161, High St., Queensborough; Nicholson, J., 14, St. George's Tce., Millom; O'Connor, Mrs. M. I., 84, Church Lane, Moldgreen, Huddersfield; Palmer, W. H., 20, Heller St., Dudley; Parry, G., Rock House, Ferndale, S. Wales; Potter, A., 16, Sandport St., Leith; Raworth, B., 12, Lime Grove, Chelmsford St.; Rhoda; Ring W., Farnsfield, Lr. Southwell, Notts; Ross, J. F., Duff Av., Elgin; Shields, Miss A., 60, Vennel St., Greenock; Shinn, F. E., 31, Wolington Rd., S.E.27; Short, A., 22, Maple St., Bracebridge, Lincoln; Simpson, F., 144, High St., Kirkcaldy; Slack, R., 24, Nora Rd, West Croydon; Spencer, H., 96, Netherfield Lane, Park Gate, Rotherham; Stephen, L., 31, Burndale Rd., Buckburn, Aberdeenshire; Taylor, H. L., 121, St. John's Rd., Upper Holloway; Webster, A., 1, Bridlington St., Hyson Green, Notts; Williams, R., 12, Warton Rd., Stratford; Wright, G. F., 212, Old Ford Rd., Bethnal Green; Wyles, A. E., 9, Grenville Place Brighton; Yeats, H., 387, Ivydale Rd., Peckham Rye; Young, A., 19, Slater St., Liverpool.

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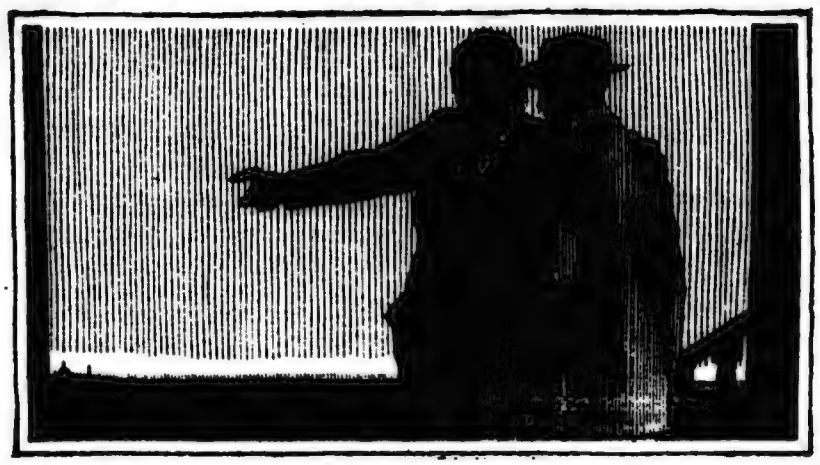
ENCOURAGEMENT



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A *Questionnaire* which we send out to our students who have completed their training asks for answers to three questions:—

(a) *What was your business position at date of enrolment as a Student?*

(b) *What is your business position to-day?*

(c) *To what extent annually has your salary or profits increased since the date you enrolled as a Student of the School?*

The following are some of the replies received, all of which have been examined by David Paterson, Chartered Accountant, 135, Wellington Street, Glasgow, who certifies that they are genuine: —

1 (a) Assistant Book-keeper and Cashier at £150 per annum; (b) Chief Accountant at £800 per annum; (c) £650 increase.

2 (a) Junior Clerk; (b) Chartered Accountant; (c) 800 per cent. increase.

3 (a) Van Boy; (b) Chief Auditor; (c) My salary has increased from 25s. per week to my present salary of £10 per week.

4 (a) Employee at £150; (b) Accountant at £460; (c) £300 increase.

5 (a) Junior of six ledger clerks; (b) Accountant to Limited Company; (c) 250 per cent. increase.

6 (a) Chief Cost Clerk; (b) Cost Accountant; (c) £250 increase.

7 (a) Accountants' Clerk; (b) Assistant Secretary; (c) £230 increase.

8 (a) Bank Clerk; (b) Chief Accountant to a Manufacturing Firm in Manchester; (c) 100 per cent. increase.

9 (a) Shorthand Typist; (b) Business Accountant with excellent prospects; (c) About 00 per cent. increase.

10 (a) Clerk; (b) Appointment with firm of Chartered Accountants, £400 per annum; (c) £98 increase.

11 (a) Insurance Agent with no prospects; (b) Hold Degree of A.L.A.A. and Senior Assistant; Accountant with large firm of Accountants; (c) 1st year, 100 per cent. 2nd year, 150 per cent., 3rd year, 225 per cent.

12 (a) Ledger Clerk; (b) Assistant Auditor; (c) Salary trebled.

13 (a) Railway Clerk; (b) Clerk in Charge of Works Office; (c) £104 increase.

14 (a) Clerk; (b) Accountant; (c) About £400 increase.

15 (a) Book-keeper; (b) Accountant; (c) 600 per cent. increase.

16 (a) Junior; (b) Head of Department (c) £200 increase.

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Twelve out of the first sixteen places in the December Examinations of the London Association of Accountants were secured by School of Accountancy Students, who during the past six years have secured nearly all the First Places and Prizes. At the Chartered Institute of Secretaries Examinations our showing is 100 per cent. passes in twenty of twenty-two examinations. Achievements at the Examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and Society of Incorporated Accountants are equally remarkable.

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TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

Can't Be Done:—A number of Tommies in Mesopotamia have signed a letter asking us to induce Mr. Churchill to go out there for a month or two, to take his chance among the men who are dying of fever and heat-stroke. We are afraid the invitation will not be accepted.

An Oliver Twist Depot:—The fellows in the Depot at Oxford assure us that whether an orderly officer attends at meal times to ask for complaints or neglects that little duty does not matter, as, they say, no heed is paid to their grouses. From what they tell us, a two-penny luck-in at Lockhart's would make their meals took silly.

The "Butterscotch" Brigade":—More letters from soldiers in Mesopotamia, complaining that they may not smoke "gaspers" but must eat sweets instead, because a fussy lady who does not like "shorts" and cigarettes has ordained the change. We cannot help it; but we ask our War Council to ordain, strictly and sternly once and for all, that our soldiers must be ruled by our big-bug General officers, and not by their penny novelette wives.

Bullied Into It!—Vaccination is not compulsory in the Army; but in Silesia threats of punishment to follow are being made to compel our soldiers to bare their arms to the needle. It is quite a pity that we have so many unofficially recognised Prussian ways in the Service.

Making for Loyalty! — Divisional sports took place at Gosport the other day, and as usual, with permission, several men dressed as clowns and caused the youngsters and elders to roar with laughter. On returning to barracks it took the Tommies some time to remove their grease paint and grime and prepare for a parade, which they missed. Result: Four days' confinement to barracks. Some officers do know how to make their men loyal and devoted.

Naval War Medals:—War medals are now ready for officers and men of the Naval forces whose surnames commence with the letter A D, E, K, L, R. S, or T. Only those entitled to the 1914 or 1914–15 Star can be supplied at present.

Voluntary Allotments:—The privilege of making voluntary allotments of pay to wives, families and other relatives, which was extended to soldiers serving at home as a war measure, will be withdrawn with effect from 3rd October next, after which, the men will make their own arrangements for forwarding the cash.

A New "Gong":—The grant of the "India General Service Medal, 1908," in silver, with clasp "Afghanistan, N. W. Frontier, 1919," is to be extended so as to include all troops who served (1) in the Khyber Pass, west of and excluding Jamrud, between 9th August, 1919, and 30th September, 1919, both dates inclusive; and (2) with the Waziristan Force, including those stationed at Darya Khan, Mianwali, Mari-Indus and Kalabagh, between 9th August, 1919, and 30th September, 1919, both dates inclusive.

Pay Up the Money:—About five months ago a large cheque representing salvage money for the crew of H.M.S. *Yarmouth* for salving the s.s. *Tennyson*, was paid to the Admiralty; but those who earned the money are still whistling for it. We have similar complaints from other crews that rendered salvage service.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From C. S., Poplar:—"Many thanks to you for seeing my appeal through; your efforts succeeded in my getting a Board, and my pension has been increased from 60 to 100 per cent. Trusting your paper will always be a success, and again thanking you for the great interest you took in my case."

RACING NOTES.

(All enquiries in respect of sporting matters will be dealt with in the correspondence columns of the Sporting Life.)

The Acceptances.

From all points of view the acceptances for the two important Autumn Handicaps have been entirely satisfactory. The horses we selected when the entries first appeared have stood their ground. These include Bracket. Front Line did not damage his reputation in the least by his running at Doncaster last week. He is an improved horse.

WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

YARMOUTH—WEDNESDAY.
Hastings Nursery—* Sanover filly.
Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap—Ardfern.
Nelson Plate—Yorick.

YARMOUTH—THURSDAY.
Gorleston Nursery—Piramus.
Durham Handicap—Killiney.
Sandringham Plate.—* Prince Cadmus.

AYR—WEDNESDAY.
Scottish Derby—The Night Patrol.
West of Scotland Foal Stakes—Lord of Burghley.
Craigie Welter—* Black Lamb.

AYR—THURSDAY.
Ayrshire Handicap—Iron Hand.
Juvenile Handicap—Lillywhite.
County Cup—*Lord Quex.

AYR—FRIDAY.
Gold Cup—* Forest Guard.
Land of Burns Nursery—Selene.
Carrick Stakes—Square Measure.

WINDSOR—FRIDAY.
Royal Borough Handicap—Madame Sze.
Merry Wives Nursery—* Craigangower.
Castle Plate—Petrea.

WINDSOR—SATURDAY.
Windsor Handicap—Lord Thanet.
Ivor Nursery—* Springbuck.
Mill House Plate—Silver Image, if absent Sirrah.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week we e the following:—

Jack in Distress:—An ex-bluejacket since his recent discharge has failed to get work. His wife is in the infirmary, and the other day, when he came to Long Acre, his father had died. We assisted him in his distress.

On the Road:—A footsore man, his delicate wife and four ragged children, were turned out of their "home" and took to the road to look for better fortune. They had not eaten for 24 hours when they came our way.

In the Depths.—A man who has no out-o'-work dole, and cannot find employment, has a wife and three youngsters. The furniture in the little back room consisted of some packing cases and a couple of chairs. There was no food before we helped. Quite a common case, though.

The New Poor.—Turned blind a few years ago, a professional man who had been in good circumstances was compelled to pawn his poor little home. Now—the last straw—they are trying to sell the pawn-tickets to carry on.

Inhuman.—A farm labourer lost his boy by drowning. A whip-round was made by his humble friends to bury the lad; but the man's inhuman employer stopped his wages for the time lost through the sad tragedy.

ALL QUITE COMMON CASES.

Come with us for an hour's tour to see some of the families whom you help through John Bull. But it will not be quite a pleasure outing. Here we are in a Fulham mean street. Top floor back. The door is opened by a wan young-old woman who shrinks back for a moment wondering if we are the "bum-bailiffs." A blue-eyed little imp, with a shock head of curls, too innocent of the world to fear the enemy, comes to us in a friendly way and shakes hands. But he, poor little mite, shows signs of hunger and wolfs the bar of chocolate we give him. In the corner is the "lord and master" of the humble hovel called "home." He rises and comes to the salute, grey-faced, ill-clad, weary footed, for he knows that we are John Bull's answer to his S.O.S. He cannot get work, and, honest fellow, he has looked for it for months. His boots are worn out, and he is in that stage of despair when further effort seems to be a painful uselessness. Before we come away happiness is where the blackness of destitution and hunger was.

Then away to the humble dwelling of the lonely widow, whose son was killed in the war—serving on a warship that was sunk. Had he lived, he would have supported, comforted, and been proud of her. Now she lives on the 8s. 6d. pension allowed for him—and what the parish grants. Next the section of a warren where live the man and his mate who are workless, and whose child lies dead, and in danger of what even the very poorest dreads—a pauper's funeral. Next the old creature whose hired knitting machine—her only means of livelihood—was about to be collected by the hirer because she was behind in her payments.

Most of the men whom we help in our journey can tell of the uttermost depths of that hell beyond the Channel where they served for *you and us*. They were promised a land for heroes to live in. God help us! A land for heroes to starve in. *Help us—and, through you, we will help them.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

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Mr. S. Bucknall, the Winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 421, has kindly sent us £5.

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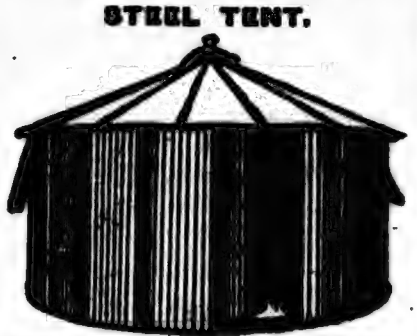

Diameter 15ft. Height 9ft. 3in. £16 (Including Wooden Floor).

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Size 3ft. by 5ft. £2 10 0

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Length 27½ft. Width 18½ft. Height 8½ft. £21 (including Wooden Floor).

CORRUGATED IRON
Black—Unused—Slight Rust 24 G. 6ft. £11 10 0 Ton (145 Sheets).

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Black—Sanded. Rolls 40 to 65ft.. 4/-, 40/- doz.

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8ft. 5in. by 3in. 11/- each. £10 Ton.

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2 and 14 Gauge.

Length ft. ins.	Width ft. ins.	Height ft. ins.	Price £ s. d.
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Mesh 3in., Sheets 8ft. x 4ft., 1/6 Yard.

DEAL TRESTLES, 9d. each.

PLYWOOD, from 15/- square.

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Steel with Wooden Ends.
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Length 7ft. 9in. Width 6ft. 9in. Height 5ft. 3in. £7 17 6

GALVANIZED STEEL TANKS
50-Gall. 28/- 100-Gall. 45/- 200 Gall. 80/-

SALES EXCEED £400,000.

Prices free on Rail, London.
Terms: No. Cash with Order.

TIMBER
Imported Flooring, new, 1 in. x 3½ T. & G., 12/- square. Price, in Docks, London, for not less than 12 squares. Write for list of other sizes.

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NEW MALDEN, SURREY & HONITON, DEVON

Strength Breeds Health: Weakness Breeds Illness.

AN HONEST UNDERSTANDING.

"Send No Money: We Trust You."

Prof. Theo. Noel's well-known discovery, Vitæ-Ore, cured his son, cured his friends, and convinced doctors that Vitæ-Ore has the power of putting new life and tone into anyone who will use it as he directed. He refused to make money by the healing spring the dried ore of which he found in his work as a geologist, except on condition that no one should pay until after having had a whole month's treatment and acknowledged the benefit received from it.

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Vitæ-Ore is so named because it has the power, peculiar to itself, of putting new life into the tissues. It is this vitalising property that has enabled Vitæ-Ore to effect such sensational cures. Diseases of such differing kinds as

Rheumatism,
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Chronic Indigestion,
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Backache in Woman,
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Sluggish Liver, and
All run-down conditions due to the Stomach, Kidneys, Nerves and Liver,

disappear when Vitæ-Ore is taken, because the new vitality which it gives enables

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Vitæ-Ore is a beverage, not a drug. It is not a patent medicine. The Government exempted it from Stamp Duty after analysis at Somerset House. This is a very important fact, proving the unique character of Vitæ-Ore. But even more important is what "The Lancet" said of it. The editor of the greatest medical newspaper in the world put Vitæ-Ore on its trial in actual medical practice, and reported "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory."

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You are not asked to buy some unknown drug. You are not asked to send any money. You are offered a whole month's treatment of a great medicinal discovery, with the best medical authority behind it.

What Vitæ-Ore will do for You.

Send, without any money, for the trial packet—exactly the same as the 4s. 6d. packet paid for by thousands of customers who first satisfied themselves that Professor Noel and "The Lancet" were right—and prepare your first month's supply. Drink it in water after each meal. It is practically tasteless and cannot possibly do you anything but good. Then watch yourself. You will notice, to begin with, that your appetite improves. Then your sleep will be more refreshing, your nerves steadier, your energy increased. You can work with less fatigue. You can play with more enjoyment. You will look better, your eyes clearer, your skin fresher-looking. Pains and aches that used to trouble you will grow less and less. Hardly noticing their disappearance, you will be a new man or woman.

All this if you are in ordinary health, or run down a little. But

If You are Ill

—if your digestion is not good, or if you have rheumatism, neuralgia, backache (especially in women), or any liver or kidney trouble, the effect will be easier to mark. Every day you will be a little better.

Anæmic Girls in particular

will feel the effect—less breathlessness, redder lips, more regular health.

You are not asked to pay until you feel the unmistakable benefit which Vitæ-Ore always brings. After a month's treatment, if you can write—a post card will do—and say that you feel no better, we make no charge. You have had the medicine. You do not pay anything. But the experience is that nearly everyone does feel better—they have felt the force of the new vitality locked up in Vitæ-Ore. And the honourable understanding is that if you cannot truthfully write that Vitæ-Ore has done you no good you will send the trifling sum asked. It is only 4s. 6d., for benefit which would be cheap at ten times the price.

This is the day to Write.

Do not postpone writing. Send at once for the free trial packet—free if you say at the end of the month that you are no better. You cannot afford to wait. You run no risk. It is impossible for Vitæ-Ore to do you anything but good. Do not wait another day before beginning the new life that Vitæ-Ore can give you. Fill in the coupon, or copy it, and send to Theo. Noel Company, Ltd. (Room 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

This is the Day to Send this Coupon

To the THEO. NOEL Co.' Ltd. (Room 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. (four shilling sand sixpence) in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case **You are to Charge Me Nothing**

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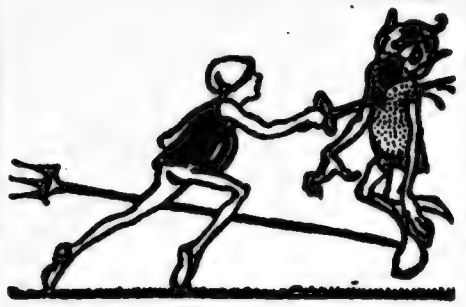
Address .....



TO-DAY tooth-cleaning is play for those kiddies who read Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book." There they learn how each little pearly tooth is really an "Ivory Castle," in constant danger owing to the threats of Giant Decay, and how this villain can easily be overcome if one takes care.

The ten little stories, with their dainty pictures are full of breathless interest to the youngsters, and teach many wise things even the grown-ups don't always know.

Gibbs

Ivory Castle Fairy Book

and Sample of

Gibbs Dentifrice

FREE

Send at once a 2d. stamped self-addressed envelope for your FREE copy of Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book" and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice.

Messrs. D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. 1313)
Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

WARNING TO RHEUMATICS

WHAT TO DO NOW "RHEUMATISM SEASON" IS AT HAND.

September sees the start of the "Rheumatism Season.' The damper and colder atmosphere is accompanied by more severe aches and pains, stiffness and soreness for those subject to rheumatic complaints

Much Winter suffering can be avoided by starting now—without danger-creating delay—a course of treatment with the famous "Urillac" Tablets, prepared according to the "Favourite Prescription" of the eminent West-End consulting specialist who made a name with it among his patients. The latter paid the usual West-End consultant's fee, but every reader of this paper may to-day obtain the "Urillac" Tablets free of this fee, and at the merely nominal price of 1s. 3d., or 3s. (large), or 5s. (extra large) box at any Chemists' or Stores.

Thousands of one-time sufferers throughout the country would not be without "Urillac" Tablets at double or treble the price. They know how these Tablets relieve and preserve them from the dreadful aches and pains and crippling stiffness, soreness and swelling of their old enemy.

Every sufferer from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis Kidney or Bladder trouble should experience the blessing of the relief that "Urillac" Tablets always bring within 24 to 48 hours.

Your own Chemist will tell you how good are the *genuine*

URILLAC
TABLETS.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.
1s. 3d., 3s., 5s.,
or, in case of any difficulty, direct and post free from The Urillac Co., 164, Piccadilly, London W.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Rather Aimless.

Things might be better and worse on the Stock Exchange. There is a trickle of business, which keeps the majority of markets on the firm side, but specialities, which are depended on by members to advertise the continued existence of a live Throgmorton Street to all and sundry interested in security business refuse to be spectacular for any length of time. This is a pity from the Stock Exchange viewpoint, because it means that there are as yet no certain symptoms of revival discernible. Time after time professionals have got a particular market into good trim, and started prices on the upgrade to discount a perfectly legitimate "bull" point, only to find after a preliminary canter that nobody was following them. The public are extremely cautious—which is hardly to be wondered at, when their losses through security depreciation are remembered. Still, it is well to bear in mind that it is those who keep their heads in times like the present who make money.

Grand Trunk Treachery.

It is an event like the tragedy in the affairs of the Grand Trunk, however, which shakes the general confidence of investors more than anything else. Grand Trunk stocks have all fallen to nominal levels, because an Arbitration Board appointed to consider compensation payable to stockholders on the taking over of the railway by the Canadian Government, has decided that in present circumstances none of the Company's stocks, representing a total capital of 37 millions, has any value at all; in other words, that all claims in respect of that huge sum, contributed for development, shall be dishonoured.

A Solemn Crisis.

The arbitrators—ex-President Taft to his credit dissenting—state they are not concerned with "equitable and moral considerations," and these are ironically referred to "those who control the public funds" on the eve of a Canadian General Election to be fought mainly on an "economy" battle-cry. The facts of the case called for just and luminous—not cheaply cynical—treatment. And what are the facts? The Grand Trunk Company in its hurry to develop Pacificwards went ahead too quickly, and its guarantees on the obligations of its subsidiary, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, became a source of embarrassment. Even then the situation might have been retrieved if the Canadian Government had allowed the Company reasonably to advance its rates to meet increased costs, arising largely under higher wage enactments. When the Company asked the Government to relieve it of the Grand Trunk Pacific incubus, which after all had been created in the interests of the State—the Government replied in effect: "You are bankrupt; we shall expropriate you." If that attitude is persisted in, we hope London will mete out to Ottawa in all justice the same treatment which we should accord a defaulting South American State.

Livelier Egyptians.

Egyptian securities from loans down to land shares are in better spirits and worth attention. Egyptians have grown sick of political agitators and the price of cotton has jumped prodigiously. Those are the two facts upon which a revival has lately sprung up, and looks like continuing. The outlook is calmer and more prosperous.

Chartered Flare Up.

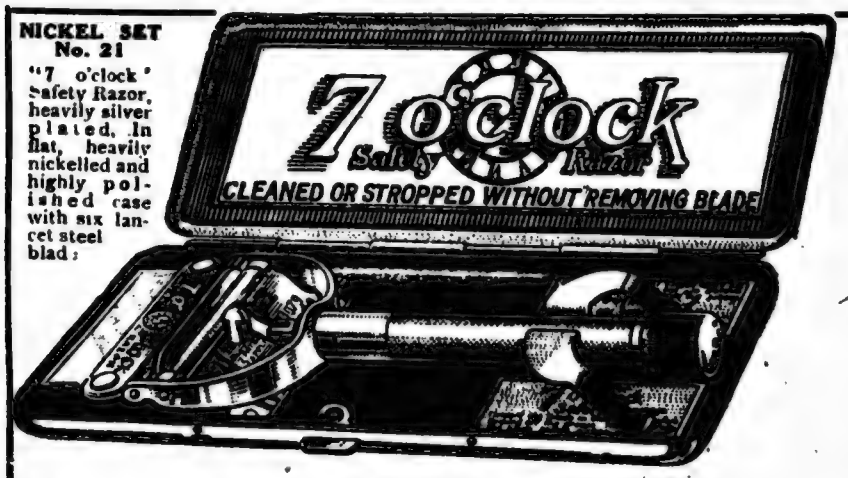
There was a blaze in Chartered shares for a short time last week, but when dealers began to talk glibly of an advance of several shillings the "boomlet" petered out, and now the market is waiting a lead again. The Grand Trunk news was not of a kind to encourage confidence in prospects having any relation to a Colonial Government decision in regard to capital expended in development, but on that head it may be said that General Smuts is a statesman of different calibre from a large section of Colonial politicians. The outburst of strength in Chartered shares was due to General Smuts' speech, adumbrating the terms on which Rhodesia would be admitted to the Union, and stating that the Union Government would make financial provision to acquire from the Chartered Company its land and railway rights and the other general means of the country's development. The shares are still firm, and when the position is a little clearer we may see some bigger fireworks.

Kaffirs Confident.

Although the sharp fluctuations in the gold price in sympathy with the New York Exchange are a rather distracting factor in the Kaffir market, the tone in this department is noticeably good, and another batch of excellent monthly results comes as a reminder that the Rand industry is still making headway and that dividend prospects continue to improve. Timid "bulls" are taking heart from recent pronouncements by leading economists that the gold price is never likely to go back to the pre-war level during this generation.

NICKEL SET No. 21

"7 o'clock" Safety Razor, heavily silver plated. In flat, heavily nickelled and highly polished case with six lancet steel blades.



STANDARD SET No. 20. contains same as No. 21 but in handsome black case with specially prepared strop on hinged partition in the lid.

A Shilling buys Another of either of these 12/6 Razor Sets

Between the 1st July and the 31st December, 1921, every purchaser of a "7 o'clock" Razor Set (as illustrated) at the ordinary price of 12/6, is entitled to obtain another set exactly the same for 1/- only. Twenty-five shillings worth of razors for 13/6.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO. Purchase a "7 o'clock" Safety Razor at any razor shop (either a standard or nickel set). Inside the box you will find a voucher, or the dealer will give you one if you ask him. Fill it up and send it to the manufacturers (address below), together with the dealer's receipt and P.O. for 1/9, and a second set will be at once posted to any address you give—either your own or that of a friend. Either set may be purchased and either will be sent for the additional shilling to any address in the United Kingdom which you give. For example you may choose to buy a Standard Set for everyday use and have a Nickel Set sent for your week-end suit case. In this way 13/6 will buy you two first-class razors, the regular price of which is 12/6 each. Any dealer will show you the "7 o'clock" and will vouch for the reputation of the manufacturers who make this offer.

This offer also applies to purchasers of the guinea Tourist Set No. 23, but in this case either a No. 20 or 21 Set must be chosen as the second or "shilling buy another" Set, unless the difference, 8/6, is sent on addition to the 1/9.

7 o'clock Safety Razor.

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MIDLAND.

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FROM ST. PANCRAS.

Departures.	Destination.
Friday, Sept. 23rd, 7.10 p.m.	FOR 8 DAYS. EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and other stations in SCOTLAND and Carlisle.
Every Saturday, 10.25 a.m. until further notice.	FOR 8 or 15 DAYS. Ambergate, Bedford, Burton, Buxton, Chinley, Derby, Farnworth, Kettering, Leicester, Liverpool, Loughboro', Manchester (Central), Market Harboro', Marple, Matlock, Miller's Dale, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, and Wellingboro'.
Every Saturday, 10.40 a.m. until further notice.	Barnsley, Bolton Abbey, Bradford Chesterfield, Cudworth, Harrogate, Ilkley, Keighley, Lancaster, Leeds, Mansfield, Morecambe, Normanton, Northampton, Nottingham, Otley, Pye Bridge, Rotherham, Sheffield, Shipley, and Skipton.
Every Week-day and on Sundays. For times, see bills.	**4/- DAY EXCURSIONS** TO SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, WESTCLIFF and LEIGH. Also From FENCHURCH STREET (The shortest route).

For particulars of above, and of Excursions from **Provincial Centres**, apply to the MIDLAND RAILWAY COY., ST. PANCRAS, or any MIDLAND TICKET OFFICE or OFFICES of THOS. COOK & SON.

FRANK TATLOW, General Manager

Derby, 1921.

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Genuine Rossendale Valley Sheets

Pure from the Loom Unbleached.

90 x 90 Single bed **7/6** Per Pair. 2 pairs for 14/-
70 x 90 Bble bed **10/6** Per Pair. 2 pairs for 20/-
78 x 98 Extra Large Double Bed **12/6** Per Pair. 2 pair for 24/-

All Best Quality Lancashire Made Treble Woven Twill. Satisfact on guaranteed or money returned immediately. Carriage paid. Send to-day, enclosing remittance to—

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£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Hounsditch, London.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

WOULD you like more money? Write to us and we will show you how to earn £6 a week in your spare time by selling boots on commission; a generous offer. Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., Dept. 92, Maximum Works, Northampton.

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How to become a Sanitary, Factory, Weights and Measures Inspector, Relieving Officer, Private Secretary, etc.—Write, Secretary, Sanitary Training College, 335, High Holborn, London.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-Skilled men for training and skilful tradesmen for many trades required, including clerks, protographers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Service men, and 18 to 28 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day according to trade. Marriage allowance paid to married men of 26 years and over, with allowance for children. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Heariatta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

OFFICERS.—Send us your discarded khaki uniforms; we pay:—Tunics (ordinary), 7/-; trousers, 7/-; greatcoats, 14/-; civilian clothing we offer price; if dissatisfied, garments returned at our expense.—Empire Clothing Co., 48a, Scrutton Street, Finsbury, E.C.2.

ANYONE with taste for lettering can earn £10 weekly; new profession, with unlimited scope; rapid tuition, low fees.—Write, enclosing 2d. stamp, Gordon, Service 23, Bristol.

JUMPER WOOL.—Magnificent quality, 5d. ounce.—Heather Mixture 6d. ounce. Samples free.—Caledonia Hosiery Co. (J.B.), Caledonia Street, Bradford.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 1/3 sq. ft. Send 2d. additional envelope full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

A GRAND AGENCY for either sex, whereby a good income is assured, by selling in their spare time Drapery, Boots, Clothing, Jewellery, &c., for cash or easy payments; Agents well supplied with samples and the most up-to-date catalogue; now is the time to build up a good connection; liberal commission.—Apply, Dept. 38, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working man in regular employment to supply Boots, Suits, Drapery, Watches and Jewellery, for cash or credit. Liberal supply of samples. Commission highest paid.—Apply, Freeman, Contractor to H.M. Government, Lavender Hill, London.

BULBS, Christmas Flowering, Garden Planting, Reliable Quality, Reasonable Prices, Catalogue Free.—Ellisons, West Bromwich.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is featured in the new "Jigstar" Puzzles.—100 Representatives, either sex, any town, wanted to sell to friends and others "Jigstar" Puzzles of film favourites. Big commission. Repeat orders certain. "Free Puzzles" scheme offers extra commission without working (may total many pounds).—Write, enclosing 1/2 for trade sample and particulars, Jigstar Co., Dept B, Cromwell House, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

GRAMOPHONES.—Greatest bargains ever offered.—Latest hornless cabinet models, solid oak throughout. Full price, 39/6. Sent on appro. Money back if not satisfied. Art catalogue free from actual makers.—Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 52-54, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

BARGAIN SUITS.—Tweeds 30/-, Serges 42/-. Trousers 10/6, Breeches 12/6.—Clothing Manfc. Co., 167, City Road, London, E.C.1.

The very best digestive—

STONE'S GINGER WINE

—drink it regularly after meals.

In Bottles from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the name on the Label.

Famous since 1740.

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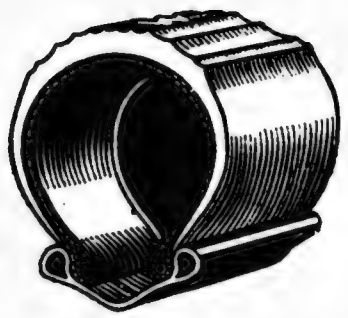

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Beaded-edge -	16	0
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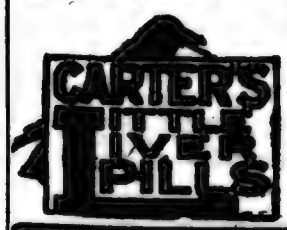

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Brentford

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Just what you have been looking for in a cigarette case. It contains everything a cigarette smoker is likely to need. Holds 10 cigarettes, a 9-carat gold-mounted holder, and has pockets for matches, visiting cards and stamps, also an ingenious device for lifting up the cigarettes.
It is strongly made over a metal frame in various kinds of leather, which makes it a really handsome case, and instantly suggests itself as an ideal present.

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Sheep Skin ...	9/9 ...	12/-
Velvet Hide ...	10/9 ...	12/6
Velvet Calf ...	11/6 ...	13/9
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Pig Skin	12/6 ...	14/9
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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 98, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

W. A. B. (Peckham, S.E.).—"How many children will be playing with toys next Christmas made by the very people who killed their fathers?" The spirit of your question has our entire sympathy.

"AB UNO DISCE OMNES."—Glad you approve of our attitude towards the Anti-Waste movement. In many directions the good it does is less than the Harmsworth.

R. R. R. (Chiswick, W.).—"The gratitude of the country is due to you." Thanks; we like a man who can keep a civil tongue in his head.

J. B. (Hammersmith, W.).—"I have read your most interesting article on 'Fouling the Minds of Children.'" Glad we pleased you. You should have seen us sweat.

W. G. D. (New York).—Certainly we are pleased to hear from a reader in U.S.A. If you don't write again before the end of the year we shall deem it a personal insult.

"CURIOUS" (Bournemouth). — The reason JOHN BULL is not more widely shown in public reading-rooms is that it has been found almost impossible to prevent it from being pinched.

"CONSTANT READER" (Windsor).—Glad you so admire the work of our cartoonist. Between ourselves, we mean to present him with a framed copy of your letter in lieu of a rise.

C. R. (Maida Hill).—"Every week sees some rotter exposed in your paper." Keep your eye skinned, and watch us bag a brace next week.

P. W. (Battersea, S.W.).—So delighted to hear you "enjoy our articles." Hope you don't read them aloud in bed and disturb the missus.

J. L. C. (Ashford).—"I would sooner marry a German girl than a daughter of yours." A jolly sight sooner; *we'd* see to that.

A. A. (Moss-side).—"I should like to say a few words on women." Your best plan would be to broach the subject when next the vicar calls.

G. H. P. (Dudley).—"We want Cabinet Ministers with the worker's welfare at heart." Say what you will, the present Cabinet have proved they are willing to share your last shilling.

W. O. (Manchester).—"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." That's all right for a poet, but it is a poor argument for a Home Secretary to offer when the prisoner flits away.

F. S. (Caythorpe).—We cannot devote all our space to postal grievances. As it is, the P.M.G. hates us like sin.

P. T. (Turffontein, S.A.).—"Booming Africa as a land of promise ought to be stopped." Our complaint is that it *is* a land of "promise"—and stops at that.

C. R. H. (Liverpool).—We are obliged by your suggestion for "avoiding distress." If of any interest to you we can forward in exchange a splendid cure for hiccoughs.

J. W. (Conisborough).—"Pardon my cheek." Don't mention it, old dear. Compared with some people's, it is no more than a heat-bump.

"RUBBLES" (Wandsworth, S.W.).—If it were not for making unpleasantness we should be inclined to inform the Chancellor of the Exchequer of your strong objection to the Entertainments Tax.

"READER" (Wigan).—Many thanks for your photograph. At your age we were almost as good-looking.

B. Mc. (Twickenham).—"Several other remarks I could make with your permission." Certainly, get everything down you can think of, and then leave the lot to us in your will.

T. W. L. (Preston).—"You can't go full steam with the reins loose all the time." No, and it is well to see the brake is off before setting the mainsail.

"JUSTICE" (Bristol).—Trust by now you have made it up with the missus. Perhaps she'd like you better in silk pyjamas.

"THANKFUL ONE" (Newark).—"Thanks for what you did in the diseased brother's marriage." While we can't recall his ailment, we hope he is better.

E. E. (London, N.E.).—So you strongly object to "women as councillors." Our own pet aversion is the elderly sort who wear trousers.

B. B. (No Address).—Your spiritualistic communication duly received. Next time you have tea with an angel you might pinch a feather for luck.

Mas. M. E. T. (Ramsgate).—Very sweet of you to write to us while on furlough from India. Would you like a lock of our hair?

"NEVER AGAIN."—You are not the only one who has been "penalised for joining the Army." However, you must try not to blame us all for the faults of a few.

Mrs. W. (Oxton, Devon).—"The husband badly misses the wife when she is out of the house." Well, you couldn't expect his aim to be as good as when she is quite close.

R. H. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Your suggestion that "the Editor should be photographed along with Lord Kitchener" shall receive careful consideration, but you will realise that in the circumstances there will be a certain amount of unavoidable delay.

E. W. M. (Wanstead, E.).—Thanks for funny story. We nearly split our binder.

S. R. (Crouch Hill, N.).—"Where did the bird originate from?" How on earth can we say if you don't tell us her name?

"ALF" (Felixstowe).—You evidently are among our most earnest admirers. Would you care to call in some day and kiss our foot?

"NUMBER ONE"—It is quite true, no doutb, that "many a married man is nearly driven off his head." Only last week we heard of one who refused two drinks in one day.

T. W. H. (St. John's Hill, S.W.).—"I do not belong to the Conservative Party." That does not matter in the least, but you should hurry up and join a good goose club for Christmas.

F. H. W. (Norwich).—"The man had nothing against him, except a wife and family." That's a funny way of putting it—unless he had a second lot somewhere else.

R. F. (Cleethorpes).—We agree that the teacher "ought not to have smacked the child on an empty stomach." She should have turned him over.

"DISGUSTED" (Westbourne Grove).—"Am I to lose my property because I can't get a lawyer?" No, it merely means that one lawyer will take the lot, instead of two.

A. A. (Rothesay).—Thanks for the picture postcard, although we are bound to say that its extreme modesty disappointed a section of our staff.

"RHYMER" (Scotland). — Much interested in your poem on Lloyd George. It might be a tasteful proceeding to dedicate it to Megan.

T. M. (Vauxhall, S.W.).—Thanks for telling us about the plucky billposter. If only we had his name and address he should have a tin of sardines.

W. J. (United States).—So glad you think we are improving. Wish we could press our lips to your blooming cheek.

M. H. F. (Northallerton).—Your admiration is most flattering. One of these days you shall have a button off our shirt as a keepsake.

F. A. P. (Lincs.).—"Let us picture to ourselves Salisbury Square." Righto, sonny; we've got it weighed up to the last brick.

"K" (Glasgow).—We do not in the least mind being called a "barbarous Sassenach." So spit out the next.

D. D. B. (Broadstairs).—Sorry to hear of the treatment you girls have received at the hands of "so-called ladies." We might perhaps assist if any of you would like to groom a gent.

H. S. (London, S.E.).—"Couldn't you call the Labour leaders together?" We could, but they would have to bring their own grub.

Mas. R. B. (Deal).—"I cannot get a house for love or money." Patience, dear lady; don't be tempted to offer both.

A. S. (Canterbury).—You must not send us saucy communications about "spinsters and their infants." The young lady who opens our letters has been nicely brought up.

H. C. (Huddleston). — "It doesn't matter why one insures." If the Company thought you did it to keep the Fire Brigade in practice, they *would* be cross.

"SIGNALMAN" (Cloughton).—"Being a railway-man, I couldn't join the Navy without leaving the Company." Still, somebody could have minded it while you were away.

F. W. R. (Grimsby).—Sorry, not knowing the gentleman referred to, we cannot say "what the waster done in the war." If you intend asking him, the safer plan might be to use the telephone.

C. T. F. (Durham).—"Nations that are governed from one head invariably come to grief." Evidently you've been to a night-school.

J. D. (Bristol).—Thanks for your letter, but you shouldn't write swear words. If it occurs again we'll report you to the Y.M.C.A.

F. S. C. (Nigeria).—So you think it was because Venezuela declared war and *sent over to France a hundred generals* that the Germans called for an Armistice. A pretty wit!

E. H. S. (London, S.W.).—Although we disagree with your views on motoring, it is not on account of your sex or age. As a rule elderly ladies simply dote on us.

H. W. (Trowbridge).—"I do my best in any conversation to sell your paper." On bended knee we tender grateful thanks.

"EX-SERVICE MAN'S WIFE" (Hackney, N.E.).—It is evidently not all beer and skittles working in a pub. Moreover, the sight of so much beer is apt to excite the spleen.

G. H. (Wimbledon, S.W.).—"Will the Cross of St. Patrick be taken out of the Union Jack?" That is a purely rhetorical question, as the boy said when asked if he wanted a thick ear.

J. S. T. (London, W.C.).—Your testimonials seem quite in order, but one from the missus might not have been amiss.

"CHIDDINGLY" (Doncaster).—Afraid cannot spare an investigator to look into your local housing situation. Our best man is giving his nose a rest at the seaside.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

A 10/6 JOHN BULL PEN Absolutely FREE

SEE PAGE iii OF COVER.

EVERY PEN IS GUARANTEED.

LETTER BAG.—(Continued.)

T. F. N. (Boston, U.S.A.).—"You seem to be an awfully funny chap." Perhaps so, but it is a shame to tease us.

J B. (Kilburn, N.W.).—Thanks for letter. If the pain continues you might try a toothful of gin.

"Ex-Service Man" (Cardiff).—We note your strong disapprobation of "female clerks." If you saw our lot, your eyes would bulge out of your head.

"John Bull's Boy" (London, E.).—Much interested to hear how you told off the man in the train. Bet he wished he'd never met his mother.

"Anti-Drink" (Hastings).—"I am one of the so-called fools and fanatics." That shows that drink didn't hurt the judgment of the gent who said it!

"Sympathiser" (Glasgow).—So you think most of our troubles could be solved by "each one loving the other." Strangely enough, that's how some people fall into the soup.

Mrs. M. (Tottenham, N.).—Afraid impossible to print your poem, although if you care to send it along it might do for our scrap-album.

H. D. (Balham, S.W.).—Thanks for your letter, which was as tasty as a plate of shrimps.

A. K. (Swindon).—If you went into a West End teashop with seven ladies, you might have expected it to run to money. Silkworms are a cheaper Lobby.

"Pensioner" (Devonport).—We note that, although you have not won it, you want a "Bullets" prize. Nothing like cheek, as the old woman said when she kissed the camel.

Mrs. M. E. S. (Sussex).—"I am laughed at for writing poetry." Presumably by the sort of people who would grin in a graveyard.

A.B.N. (Oxford).—"Excuse my plain speaking." Certainly; your rude remarks we attribute merely to absence of mind.

"Seer" (Shrewsbury).—We observe that you "challenge the Pope of Rome," but cannot make out whether to a bout with the gloves or a slanging match. Be more explicit.

"Brummagem Band."—"A couple of gills of Scotch, immersed in a couple of gills of cow-juice." But why be so extravagant with the milk?

"Reader" (Cambridge).—Afraid we cannot tell you "the correct way for lovers to sit on seats." There are several incorrect ways that we disdain to mention.

"Interesting" (Holborn).—We think your poem would be valuable—if you could get its authorship blamed on somebody you had a grudge against.

"Miss J." (Ashford).—Your long Scriptural dissertation to hand. Sounds as though you had been cuddled by a curate.

G. M. W. (Cannock).—We note that when you wanted a maid from the Labour Exchange they asked you fourteen questions. Perhaps they didn't like the look of you.

A. S. (Mitcham).—Afraid we could not influence your employer to grant you a pension. Far better wash your face and ask him yourself.

T. H. C. (Sheffield).—We fancy your letter might have been interesting if you hadn't made such a muck of it. Try again in copying pencil.

S. A. H. (Eastern Rd., N.2.).—"A merited stinger is more palatable than silent contempt." Sitting on a wasp would soon change that opinion.

"Tuppenny Disciple" (Birmingham.).—"What's the use of trying to build up an A1 people on C3 booze?" A solemn thought.

B. L. (Mosscnd).—"No one wishes to have a bald head." And yet, on the other hand, the owner would hate to lose it.

A. G. (Prittlewell).—Sorry cannot follow your argument. Perhaps you would be a bit more explicit if you wrote in the forenoon.

S. R. V. S. (Tooting, S.W.).—"When to Hell the Fourth descended, the Lord be praised the Georges ended." As you remark, George the Fifth lives to refute the ribald poet's words.

H. A. B. (Brighton).—We are alarmed to hear of the two ladies who, during a week at the seaside, "were not supplied with water." The landlady might have known that really nice women like a wash every few days.

C. C. (Broxburn).—Thanks for particulars regarding the local soup-kitchen. If you seek to extend your circle of patrons, a dash of beer might not be amiss.

J. H. (Sheffield).—"The way the Australian Cricketers insisted on stopping so early gave me a pain." Well, there usually is a certain amount of pain associated with drawing stumps.

G. F. (Ashton).—"That expression, 'Feed the brute' always sounds rude." Not half as rude as the Brute if he doesn't get fed.

"Matey" (London, S.E.).—Thanks for sending us your sister's letter on emigration. If we pass on the news to the Prime Minister, we won't split where we got it.

F. R. (Bermondsey, S.E.).—Your patriotic effusion duly received. We like your handwriting, especially the twiddley bits.

"One of the Blacks."—"You have a wonderful hide, I must say." Since you raise the subject we cheerfully admit that it fits us like a glove.

D. R. (Fain).—"Two meetings since the Armistice and no Memorial yet." That's nothing; the Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066, and a gent has just proposed to put up something to show for it.

H. M. V. (Denmark Hill, S.E.).—So you think the unemployed should be housed in huts along the Embankment. We must think it over.

A. T. (Stoke Newington, N.).—Afraid we cannot undertake to finance "a corpse exhumation." It is not what we call a live proposition.

M. T. (Falmouth).—Your conundrum received. The answer is a lemon.

B. O. B. (South Woodford, E.).—You should not write to us with answers to questions you see in the daily newspapers. They are jealous enough as it is.

F. C. I. (London, W.C.).—"The enclosed statements on the food question are perfectly true." You might have left that out till we called you a liar.

E. E. C. (Romford, E.).—We duly note that you wish us dead. Unfortunately before we could read the rest of your letter it was condemned by the sanitary inspector.

Mr. Gus Elen, the well-known comedian, desires it to be known that he has no business connection or, as far as he knows, any family relationship with "Gus Elen, Junior," whose conduct of the Elite Film Company we lately criticised.

A. (Manchester).—"I always write as if it were my last day on earth." From the amount you got in this time, we fear our last day will arrive before we have reached the end of it.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY & EFFECTIVELY

Mr. FLORENT FISSORE, the well-known Anglo-Indian Correspondent, writes:

Dorset Square, London.

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Before I commenced Urace I had been help less for some weeks. In three days I was able to get out, and have since completely recovered. I am now in much better health than for many years past. I had of course tried many remedies, but all had a depressing effect, or upset the digestive organs.

I have recommended Urace to several of my Anglo Indian friends and in every case with marked success.—Yours truly, FLORENT FISSORE.

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6/6 With Order

The Service contains:—

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MENDS ANYTHING FROM UNDERWEAR TO LACE CURTAINS.

With this wonderful hand darning machine you can do the work of an hour in a few minutes. Perfectly even Darn is smoothly woven right into fabric, leaving no lumps. Speedily puts fresh heel or toe in stocking and neatly repairs table linen. Makes darning a pleasure. NOT a sewing machine attachment. So simple a child can use it. Saves endless time, labour and eye-strain. Supplied with easy, illustrated directions. Price 3/6, best finish. (Postage 3d. extra). Send now 3/9 P.O. to

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BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

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One teaspoonful is equal in effect to two teaspoonfuls of most other raising agents.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—Example—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet:—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 424.

OUR PRIME MINISTER	WILL NEVER WORK	AFTER THE DOLE	JOB TO FIND
BRITISH RACE	STILL WASTING	IDEAL GOVERNMENT	KNOWING MAID
LAND OF DREAMS	THE WRONG KEY	WHEN TO DRINK	MOTHER'S ADVICE
COSTS DOUBLE	DANGEROUS WOMAN	RAINY DAY	WON'T GO ROUND
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN	A MISFIT	BAD NEWS	WITHOUT MONEY
NEXT YEAR	ON BUSINESS LINES	WITHOUT A HUSBAND	VAIN HOPE
BIT TOO THICK	STOLEN SWEETS	FAIR CHANCE	UNNECESSARY
MY BONUS	SURPLUS WOMEN	NO PLACE FOR ME	THE LIMPETS
COMING OF AGE	OUT OF OFFICE	FLAPPER'S DRESS	NO EARTHLY USE
WHITEHALL	ROSEY PARKER	WE MUST NOT	SEASIDE DONKEY

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(424) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(424) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 424, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(424) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 22nd.

Example_____

Bullet

Example_____

Bullet

(424) P.O. No._____ Signed_____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 422nd 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. D. BENNETT, 76, Newhaven Rd., Leith.

Example:—LAND FOR HEROES.
Bullet:—SHOULDN'T BE "BEYOND ENGLAND."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. E. L. TEAGUE, The Cabins, Bodenham, nr. Salisbury.

Example:—GERMAN WORKERS.
Bullet:—MAILED CIRCULARS REPLACING FISTS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Miss E. COLLARD, Guestling, near Hastings.

Example:—JOY AND SORROW.
Bullet:—SWALLOWING SOCIALISM, THEN DIGESTING.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. W. W. MANDERS, 401, Harborne Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham:
CATCHING IT HOT—EACH RELIGION PICTURES OTHERS.

Mr. F. ABBOTT, 29, Auriol Rd., West Kensington:
HOW TO BE HAPPY—AND WHERE—TOMMY'S PROBLEM.

Mrs. ROTHWELL, Blackheath House, Coleraine, Ireland:
NO CHICKEN—PRETENDS SHE'S "JUST OUT."

Mr. J. A. MORRISON, 57, Blackwater Rd., Eastbourne:
WITHOUT A HOLLIS—TIE—MANY "DRAWN AWAY."

Mr. H. LONGRIDGE, 1, Essex Street, Belfast:
LITTLE KID—WISHES MOTHER'S SKIRTS LOWER.

Mr. E. B. SCOTT, 33, Kinnerton Street, S.W.1:
FAIR DEVIL—FOR WORK, WOMAN EMPLOYER.

Mr. L. MAYHEW, 29, Wilton Avenue, Chiswick, W.4:
EASY CHAIR—BALLOT BOX'S GREATEST RIVAL.

Mr. D. E. WRIGHT, 43, Stratford Grove West, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
FULL SPEED AHEAD—UNTIL CREDITOR STOPS GALLOP.

Mrs. D. HYAMS, 44, Grove Road, Bow, E.3:
STILL TRYING—AND LOSING, BEATS FUNKING.

Mrs. T. STONOR, 10, Steel St., Consett, Co. Durham:
EVERYBODY'S WAITING FOR—EXIT FROM IRISH MAZE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. J. CULKIN, 52, St. James' St., Leeds:
WILLING HANDS—FIND OPPORTUNITIES "IN CROWDS."

Miss L. PICKERING, 50, Stow Hill, Newport, Mon.:
PROUD FATHER—UNTIL HEALTH OFFICIAL ARRIVES.

Mr. J. W. COLLINS, 9, Florence Rd., Maidstone:
DANGEROUS MAN.—REFORMATORY SCHOOL'S AVERAGE PRODUCT.

Miss B. E. COLES, 5, Barnfield Crescent, Exeter:
STRONG AND WEAK—PRESS REPORTING SAME POLITICIAN.

Mr. J. STREET, 35, Wilton Avenue, Chiswick, W.4:
PALM OIL—RED TAPE'S "GREASY PAL."

Mr. A. HOLT, 188, Thornton Rd., Moss Side, Manch'ter:
STOPPING THE WASTE—"CURTAILING EXPENDITURE" SOUNDS NICER.

Mr. L. G. ELDRIDGE, 114, Broomwood Road, Battersea, S.W.11:
WHITEHALL ARMY—"COUNTRY DOESN'T NEED YOU."

Mr. H. MARTELL, 20, Orient Bldgs., Hercules Road, Lambeth, S.E.:
NO CHICKEN—WHEN POLITICS INTEREST WOMAN.

Mr. A. ELMES, Newtown Cootham, Pulborough, Sussex:
FLAPPER'S GAME—ALTHOUGH THERE'S NO SIDECAR.

Miss E. DALLY, 20, Headland Park, Mutley, Plymouth:
FULL SPEED AHEAD—INDUSTRIAL "KNOTS" DON'T SCOTIFY.

List of Ten Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 422 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE

JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum... We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

September 17, 1921.

You must also sign in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

September 17, 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON for ONLY TEN RESULTS

OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the

BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! ONE-WEEK COMPETITION ONLY TEN RESULTS!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given, or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Sept. 28nd,** will be disqualified.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly, and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 5, "JOHN BULL," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 2 appears on page 12.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, September 22nd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th.

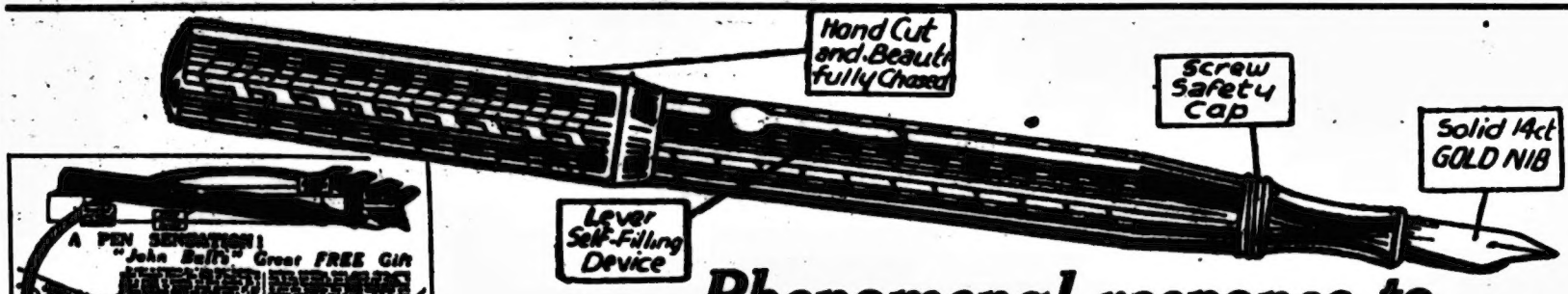
HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Chelsea	v.	Liverpool			
Sheffield U.	v.	Newcastle U.			
Sunderland	v.	Birmingham			
Tottenham H.	v.	Aston Villa			
Derby County	v.	Notts Forest			
Hull City	v.	Blackpool			
Notts County	v.	Fulham			
Gillingham	v.	Merthyr Town			
Luton Town	v.	Plymouth A.			
Southampton	v.	Brighton & H. A.			

☛ **Coupons must be cut—not torn out.**

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding and enter on that understanding.

(5) SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....



A much reduced reproduction of our original offer.

Phenomenal response to our Amazing Offer of a 10/6 "JOHN BULL" PEN FREE!

A 14 DAYS' EXTENSION.

Owing to the unprecedented response to our offer of a 10/6 "JOHN BULL" Pen Free to purchasers of our Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen, and in deference to the requests of many JOHN BULL readers, we have decided to extend our concession for another 14 days. In spite of the fact that we have been inundated with extra applications under this special offer, all applicants have had their pens despatched with the utmost promptness and regularity. The reason for our unexampled offer is to introduce the JOHN BULL Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen—the King of Pens—to as wide a public as possible. This Pen, an actual-size illustration of which is shown above, is the last word in pen efficiency and value. It contains all the latest improvements and is guaranteed to give you complete and lasting satisfaction with ordinary usage for at least 10 years. *It is in every way equal to pens usually sold for* 17/6.

Don't let this opportunity slip. Fill in the Coupon AT ONCE and post it with P.O. for 8/9 (plus 5d. for postage and registration). Such an offer may never come your way again. THIS OFFER IS STRICTLY LIMITED IN TIME.

THIS 10/6 "JOHN BULL" PEN **FREE**

THIS IS THE "JB" STANDARD MODEL (VALUE 10/6) which—is given FREE to every purchaser of a "King of Pens." Over two millions of these famous pens have been sold and have given complete satisfaction. They are made for hard work and efficiency and every pen is guaranteed by "JOHN BULL."

Post this Coupon To-day. ☛

For the next 14 days only we are authorising The "John Bull" London Depots to present a 10/6 "John Bull" standard Model Pen Free to all purchasers of the 8/9 "John Bull" Self-Filling Model Pen.

USE THIS COUPON.

To the Manager, "John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I enclose P.O./Cheque for 9/2. Please send me by registered post a "King of Pens" together with free gift, "Standard Model" Pen.

I require *(Fine Med. or Broad)*.....nibs

Name * .....

Address * .....

..... Date.....

* For the sake of clearness write in PRINTED LETTERS.

This coupon is available for 14 days only from Wednesday, September 14th, 1921.

Start To-day and get rid of Your Skin Trouble

The only reason people suffer from skin complaints is because they have not used Antexema, for it succeeds when doctors, hospitals, and every other treatment has failed. You haven't to wait months before you gain any benefit from Antexema. The first application stops all irritation and arrests the further progress of your skin complaint. Persevere with its use and you will be thoroughly cured. It recommends itself very powerfully because it cures every skin illness from rashes, chafing, and tenderness of young children to the worst case of obstinate eczema of men and women. Scalp troubles, barber's rash, bad legs, rough hands, face spots, blackheads, and every other sore, irritated, pimply or blotchy condition of the skin quickly yields to Antexema. Skin sufferers! The sooner you use Antexema, the sooner will you be released from your misery.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a liquid cream, and is invisible on the skin.

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots', Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's and Lewis & Burrows' at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3/- and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

BABY JOY IS A PLEASURE TO NURSE!

Right from birth she has been happy and healthy, and her firm flesh, her clear bright eyes and her joyous laugh, tell how she has thrived on COW AND GATE MILK FOOD.

She is the ideally healthy baby, and she will help us interest every Mother and Mother-to-be in the outstanding merits of COW & GATE MILK FOOD.

- COW & GATE MILK FOOD is as perfect a food as it is economical—a very big point now that the cost of ordinary cow's milk is increasing so rapidly.

A free sample will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

READ THIS

Originals may be seen at our office.

"Dear Sirs, I have pleasure in writing to thank you for the beautiful Presentation Cabinet of excellent Cigarettes. They certainly are delicious.
Yours truly, D.G.S."

NOT SATISFIED.

"Dear Sirs,—Having duly 'sampled' your Cigarettes, I may state that I am not satisfied but like Oliver Twist, must ask for more. I have never had 'such a smoke' before. Please execute enclosed order, and send as per your generous offer of Holder
Yours truly, M.L."

100,000 BOXES OF CIGARETTES FREE!

To all JOHN BULL Readers.

WOULD you like, absolutely free of charge, a box of the world's daintiest and most wonderful Cigarettes. It contains an assortment of all brands of ERAM-Khayyam Amber Cigarettes, tipped with petals of Roses, Mauve Silk, Real Gold and Cork. ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes were until recently only to be found in the Divans and Harems of the native Princes of India and unknown to Europeans.

The delicious and subtle Oriental Perfume, reminding of the

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS,

and alluring sweetness of the romantic East, revealed as the Cigarette is smoked, conveys a new meaning to the cigarette smoker.

In order to introduce these delightful ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes to a larger circle of smokers we have decided to distribute

100,000 Boxes FREE of ERAM-Khayyam CIGARETTES

The Wealth and Sylvan of the East Disclosed in Dream Cloud Smoke.

NEVER before has such a generous offer been made, but we know that once you have tested ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes you will always be their staunch friend.

TO receive one of these beautiful free boxes post to us the Coupon below, together with Postal Order for 9d. or stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and same will be forwarded to you by return of post, together with illustrated pamphlet.

Money gladly refunded if not wholly satisfied. Further supplies may be obtained from all good-class Tobacconists and Stores.

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY GIFT.

In addition to the free trial Box of Cigarettes every applicant will also receive a FREE coupon for a magnificent real gold mounted Cigarette Holder 4½ inches long, value 10/6

The Genuineness of this Offer is covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee.

FREE GIFT COUPON.

TEAR OFF NOW before you forget.

Pin this coupon to a piece of paper with your name and address clearly written on same.

To L. & J. FABIAN,
ERAM Cig. Manfs. (Dept. C.B. 4),
74, New Bond St., London, W.1.

Please send me a Free Trial Box of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes. I enclose 9d. to cover cost of postage and packing.

"HAPPY ENDINGS" COMPETITION ("PASSING SHOW")

£100 This Special Prize for the best "Happy Ending" sent in throughout the whole Competition has been divided between:—

REV. A. ARTHUR, 377, MILE END ROAD, E.2, and MR. PETER JULIAN WILSON, 16, MARKET STREET, DOVER,

For lines on "CHERRY BLOSSOM" and "HOVIS" respectively. The winning lines are given below:

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

Miss Jones nearly broke off the engagement because her fiance took so little pride in his appearance, but since he's used "Cherry Blossom Boot Polish"—She sits at his feet reflecting on his brilliance.

HOVIS.

"Don't the Kiddies enjoy their Hovis?" said Mother. "Yes," replied Daddy (who is also a doctor), "and it's so good for them. It contains nerve and bone-forming constituents that are not found in any other bread. If I had my way—I'd make it Prime Minister to the British Constitution.

?

Have you seen
Mr. BOTTOMLEY'S
FAMOUS
SUNDAY
ARTICLE
IN

Sunday Illustrated

THE NEW SUNDAY PICTURE PAPER

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